

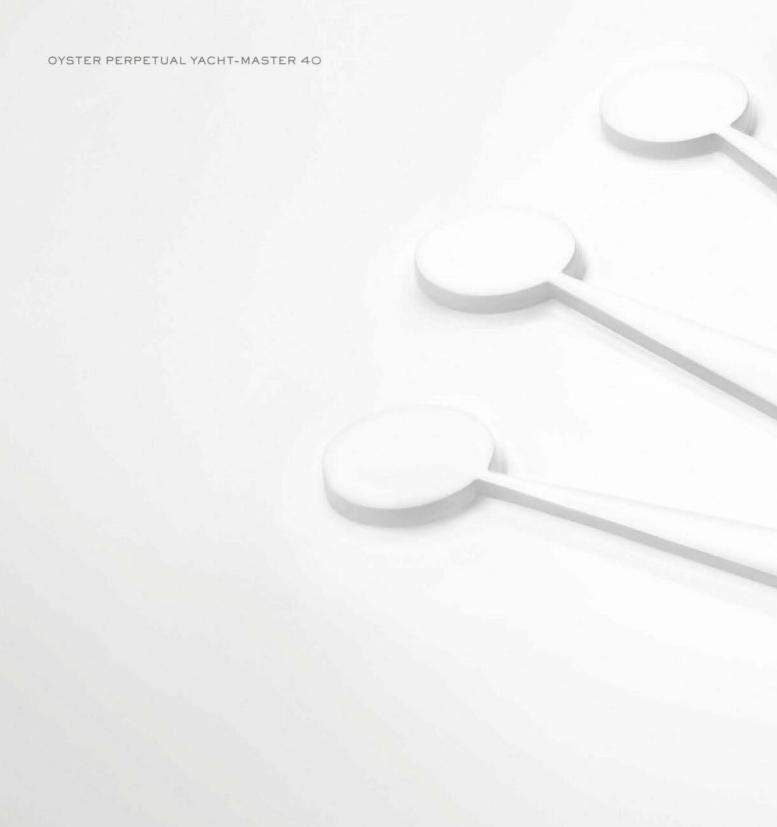


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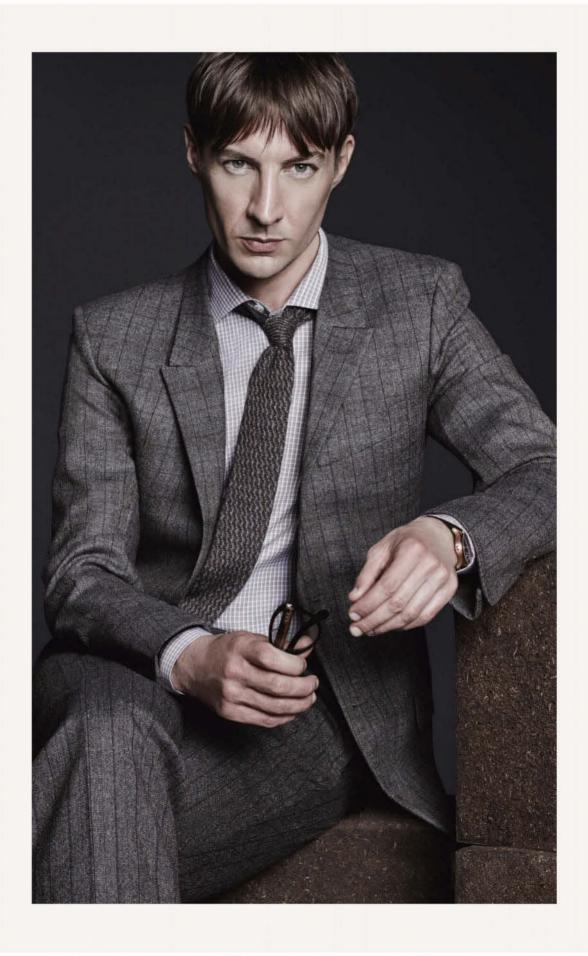
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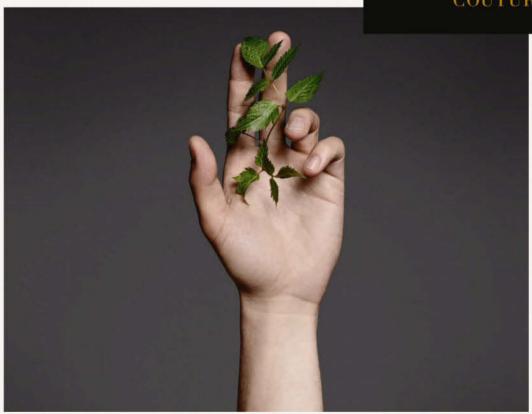
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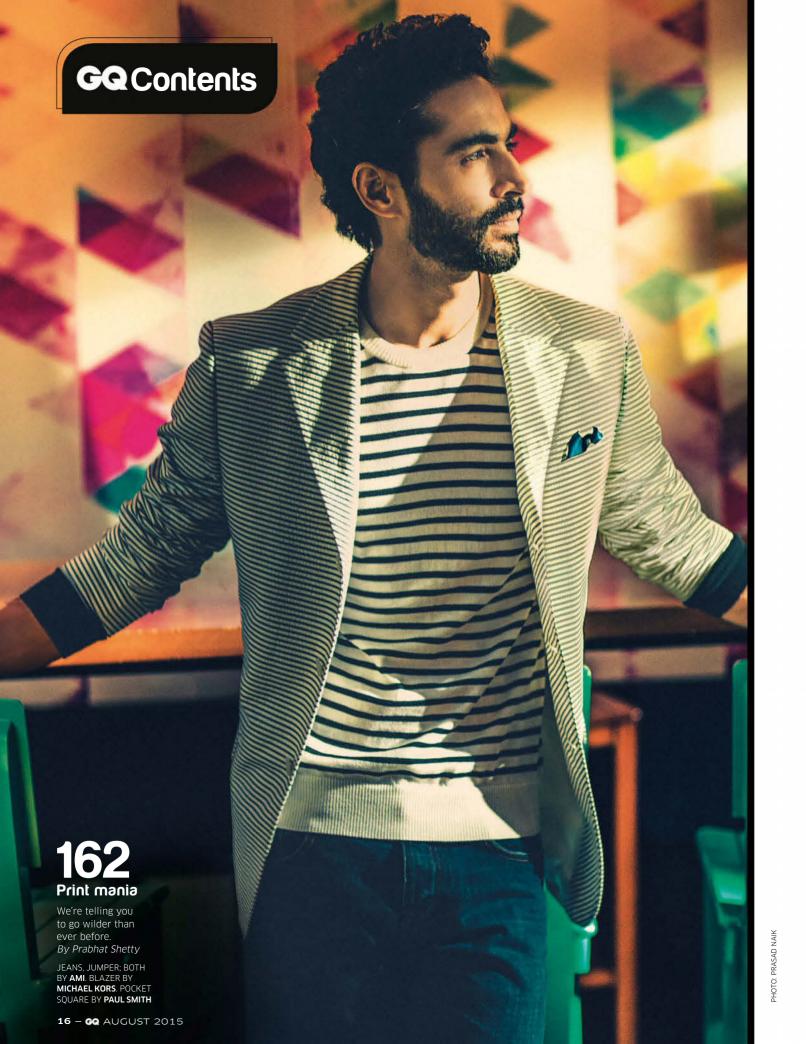
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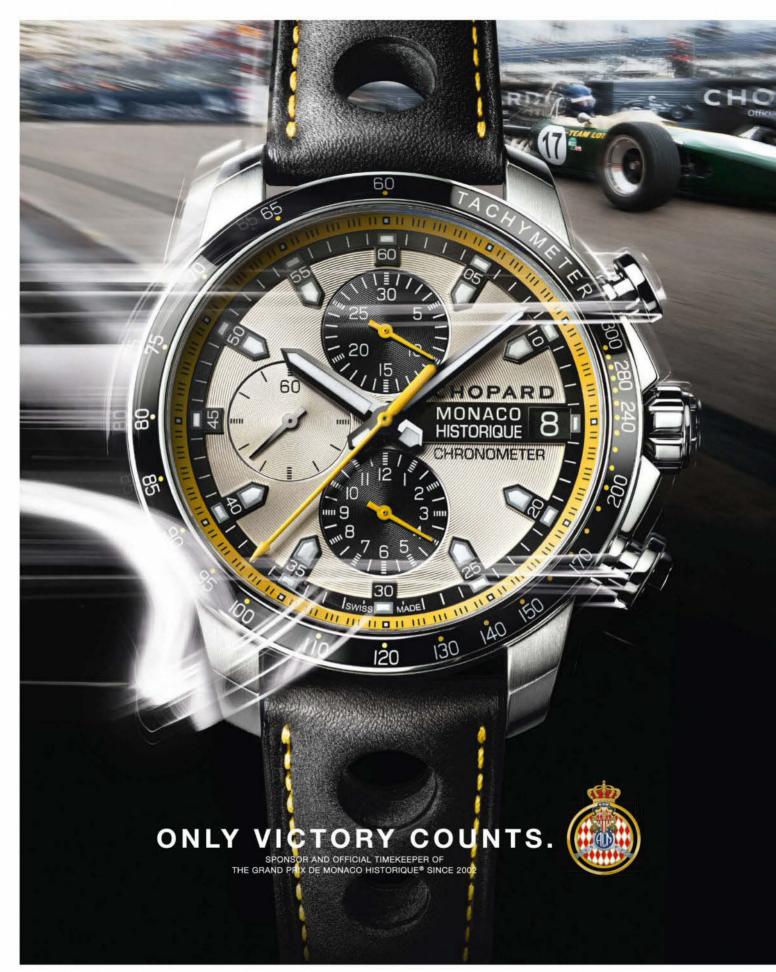
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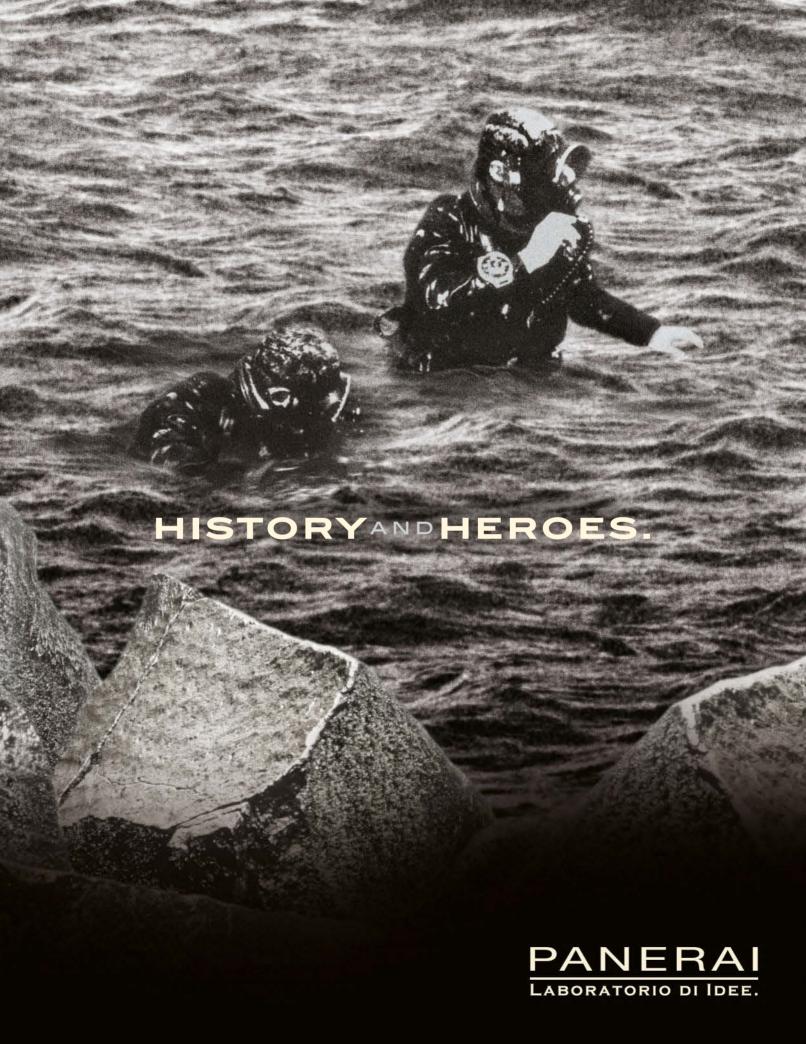
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Sport as Spectacle

f you're a fan of our magazine's cerebral Talk section, you won't want to miss the thoughtful column this month by veteran journalist Sambit Bal, arguably India's leading sports writer. Bal notes that cricket is now a well-packaged commodity, served up to a hungry television audience 24/7 in Las Vegas-style portions. Yet paradoxically, as cricket has grown bigger, its impact has dwindled - its ability to pervade our dreams and stir up emotions blunted by its own size and success. Why, Bal wonders, does he remember the World Cups in 1987, 1992 and 1999 more vividly than the ones in 2003, 2007 and 2011? Why is a falling sweep played by Dennis Compton, a stroke Bal didn't even witness but read about in a book, so much more alive in his mind than the same shot played by Ambati Rayudu in high-def last week?

To his credit, Bal makes an earnest attempt to understand why the joy has dimmed. This is not just a philosophical exercise for him, I suspect, but also an existential one. It's in this context that it might be useful to consider the very zenith of programmed, low-brow, franchise-based, madefor-television sports entertainment: the NBA. This year's Finals between the Golden State Warriors and Cleveland Cavaliers, both backwater, small-market teams, reached record viewership levels across the globe. The reason? This was a matchup rife with intriguing characters, including the world's greatest player, heroes, villains, deep subplots, and universal human themes. It was life playing out in full form, against the backdrop of top draw basketball executed by some of the fittest, most buff and skilled men alive. How could you not watch? The narrative of the Finals had a brilliantly sophisticated storyline, with both teams and players understanding their roles, and nailing them to a tee. Of course the stories were true, but it was truth on steroids. The NBA was the mastermind.

In comparison, the IPL is a baby. The NBA has long grown out of its diapers, left its teenage wobbles behind and is now a canny operator - serving us sport and spectacle that imitate life, provoking emotions that make us feel alive.

Modern cricket will eventually get there too.

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GQ Contributors



EVGENIA PERETZ

WHO: Contributing editor, *Vanity Fair*

WHAT: Meets Dinesh D'Souza, one of American politics' more infamous Indians, page 172
THE 411: "I disagreed with pretty much everything D'Souza had ever written, so I was anticipating a rather unpleasant meeting. Much to my surprise, he was gracious, chatty, self-deprecating. I was stunned, and rather impressed, that he took me to the crappy Subway around the corner from his

confinement centre."



VARUN GODINHO

WHO: WATCH & AUTO EDITOR, GO INDIA

WHAT: The mastermind behind *GQ*'s annual Watch

Report, page 97

SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED: "We've run with a Bond theme this year. We're going to see him onscreen in a few months, and he's such an all-out *GQ* character that we had to raise a toast to him."

PRASAD NAIK

WHO: Photographer

WHAT: Lets loose with Anuj Choudhry in this month's fashion feature, "Print mania", page 162

EASY ON THE EYES: "Anuj has a very calm energy that always works well when we do a project together. My favourite look from the shoot was the white shirt by Dior paired with colourful printed jeans."



MICHAEL HAINEY

WHO: Editor-at-large, GQ US; author, After Visiting Friends; @michaelhainey on Twitter & @michael_hainey on Instagram WHAT: The fashion world's most exclusive, anticipated interview with Giorgio Armani, page 88 LIFE LESSONS: "I've had brief chats with Mr Armani through the years, so to have a week with him was a great gift. The most inspirational fact for me is that he did not start his company until he was 40 years old. We live in a world where everyone is supposed to be rich and famous by 25. But to spend time with him and hear about how he had to make his journey was powerful stuff."



Carini

MANISH MANSINH

WHO: Photographer
WHAT: Captures the hottest
party of 2015 (so far), page 40
STAR CAST: "There's always a
great vibe at a *GQ* party, and
this year's Best-Dressed bash
had some memorable moments
- who can forget Ranveer
Singh's wild entrance? Or
stylish bossman (and my
favourite guy of the night)
Anil Kapoor?"

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WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND











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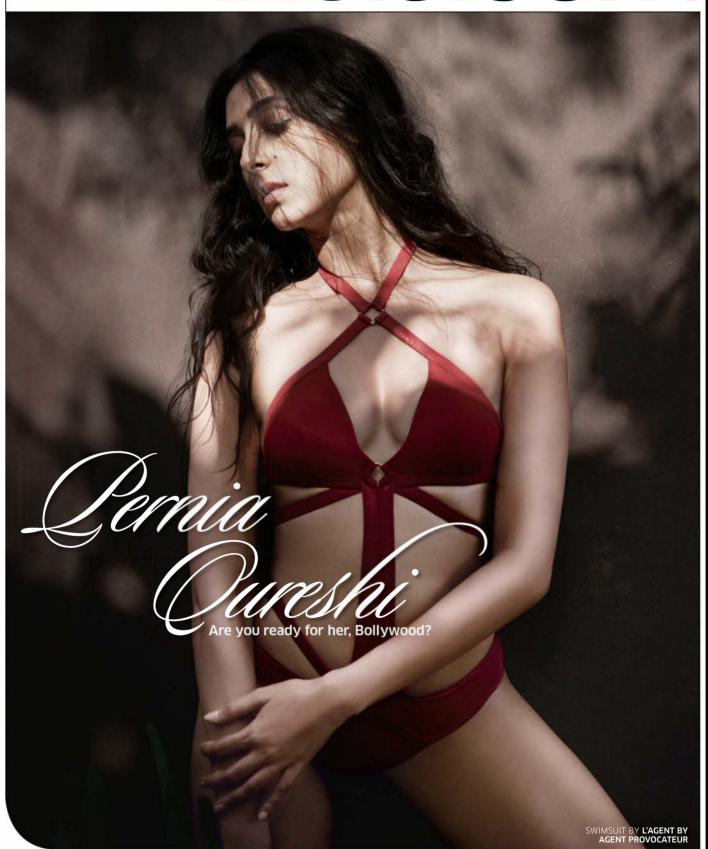




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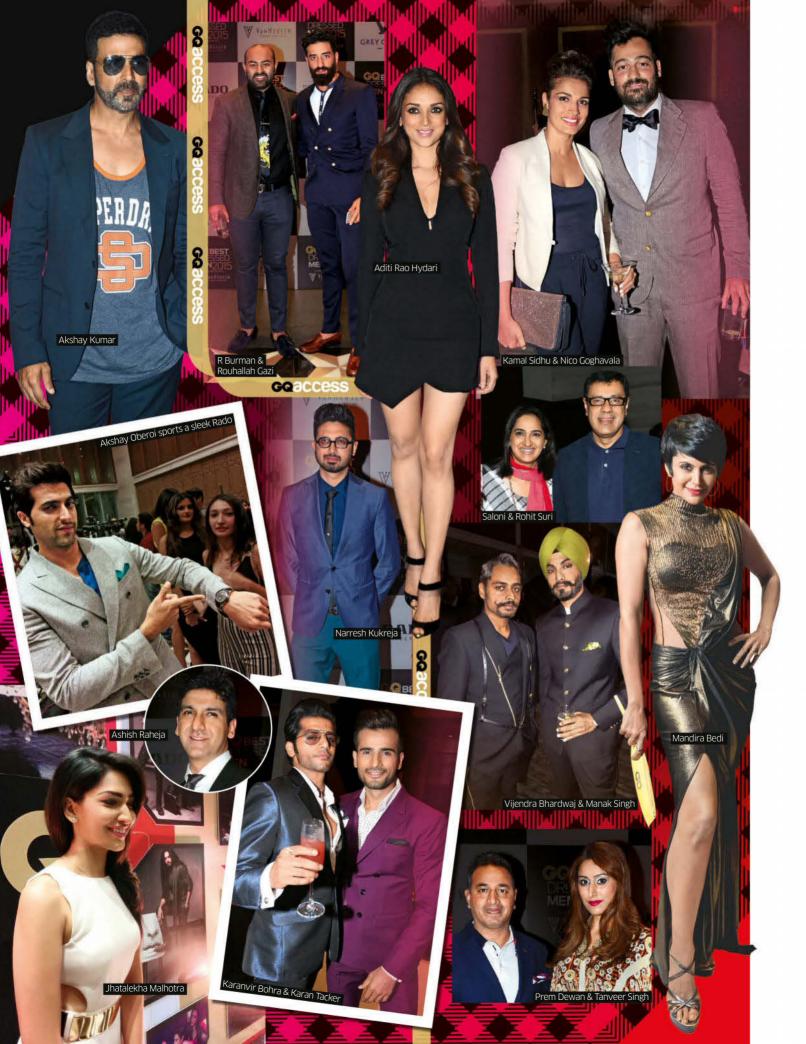


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Fashion Fabrics SINCE 1920



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MADE IN ITALY





nside a smart room propped with tables and silverware, a few dozen men are pretending they're aboard a cruise ship. A young man in a suit is pretending to be a pregnant Arab woman. Another is her very drunk husband, the sheikh. A row of liveried men are being told they must find out the Arab lady's needs without directly addressing her. It's rude in her culture. Yet another row of serious-looking men must figure out how to stop the soused sheikh from creating a scene.

Sights such as this aren't uncommon twice a year in Dehradun, when about 20 people pay ₹75,000 for a two-week class on learning the art of being a servant – or buttling, the slightly ludicrous verb used to describe it

Rajnikanth Subramanian, who goes by the more tongue-friendly Raj, has buttled for the likes of Nelson Mandela and Cindy Crawford, and now passes on his learnings to students of the Royal Indian Butlers institute, which is affiliated with the Guild Of Professional English Butlers in London. He teaches

everything from the correct greeting when welcoming a guest to packing suitcases the right way. Butlers in training learn how to deal with drunken dinner guests (inviting them to leave the room to answer a phone call that mysteriously goes dead is one trick), how to inspect laid-out tables, the best way to clean crockery, air out suits, and so on.

"Our butlers get placed all around the world," says the achingly polite 39-year-old. "We only accept those with a hotel management degree and who look presentable." The grooming requirements of a high-class butler are no laughing matter: He must have neat, short hair, no visible tattoos or jewellery, be able to wriggle into all types of tuxedos within seconds, get regular mani and pedis, and never outshine his employer.

"We are seeing a butler boom globally," says Sara Vestin Rahmani, who runs an elite butler school and placement academy in London called Bespoke Bureau. "The demand is doubling every year."

Which makes sense: There are more millionaires in the world than ever before. And Russian oligarchs,

Middle Eastern oil barons and Asian moguls buying up expensive real estate in and around London are now exporting the Euro-aristocratic lifestyle back home. Which includes having a butler around. There are several elite schools like Bespoke Bureau in the UK, some of which, like the British Butler Institute, have recently opened offices in Delhi and plan to expand into India and other parts of Asia.

"While America and the UK are old markets, the most demand

INDIAN BUTLERS
ARE IN GREAT
DEMAND. THEY
SPEAK ENGLISH,
HAVE A LOT OF
PATIENCE, COME
FROM A CULTURE
OF HOSPITALITY
AND CAN EARN UP
TO \$60,000

Lesson 1: You're on a cruise with a sheikh and his 20 leggy model friends, and his wife shows up. What do you do?



now is coming from the UAE and Asia, where it's becoming a status thing for the nouveau riche. And after the original, traditional English butler, Indians are in great demand. They make excellent butlers. They speak good English, have a lot of patience and come from a culture of hospitality," Rahmani explains.

China is currently the biggest market in Asia for butler services – unsurprising, since it now has the second highest number of billionaires in the world. There, a butler is not just the newest asset to show off but often a guidebook to living in a stratified society. It isn't unheard of for a butler to instruct his newly rich employers on how to behave or even what his duties entail.

"I dislike working for new money. They can be quite clueless," sniffs George (name changed). He's a polished 33-year-old from Calcutta with a Masters degree in economics, who speaks English, French, German and Bengali, and has worked as a butler in hotels and households in Dubai since graduating from university. While his friends joined banks and brokerage firms, George thought the idea of working closely with the likes of Prince Charles or Aga Khan was far more stimulating. (He is, of course, far too discreet to mention who his actual employers are. That and, as is often the case, he's been made to sign a confidentiality agreement.)

Not everything he's learned came from a course at butler school, though – he's picked up a lot on the job as well. Like how to look away when a box of joints is being passed around, or the trick to getting a reservation at Zuma with a half hour's notice and even who to be loyal to when being interrogated about an employer's affair with a leggy model (always with him; madam has her ladies' maids for spying).

But modern butlers aren't just slavish doormats. They set conditions to the jobs they are expected to do, and are entirely unashamed of their job description. They do, after all, earn around \$20,000 to \$40,000 annually, which could well reach 60 to 80 grand within five to six years – sooner if a butler learns a few dirty secrets or gets poached by one of his boss' billionaire friends.

"A butler is one of the most charming people you will meet," Raj



A HIGH-CLASS
BUTLER MUST
HAVE NO VISIBLE
TATTOOS, BE ABLE
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says, with pride. "There have been many cases when the boss' daughter has fallen in love with the butler and, in one scandalous case, even married him," he shares. "The salary is great and there are perks, like travelling and living with the family in top hotels around the world."

And with the increased popularity of *Downton Abbey*, "the concept of having butlers is becoming common in Indian households too. I know of a few placed in different homes across Delhi in the last few years. I get calls regularly, but most people are shocked after they hear the expected pay."

The capital city has found its own way to imitate this trend without

having to shell out obscene amounts. "I have a guy who's more like a man Friday than a butler," says Arjun Khanna, a 27-year-old businessman who provides security services for VVIPs. "Almost every member of my family has one. He accompanies me everywhere, even when I'm out with my girlfriend. He can throw together a party with basic instructions about the number of people and the type of cuisine, can mix drinks and speak in passable English. He can pack my bag, decide what I should wear and lay out my clothes impeccably. He even carries a weapon and is trained to use it. I can't do a thing without him."

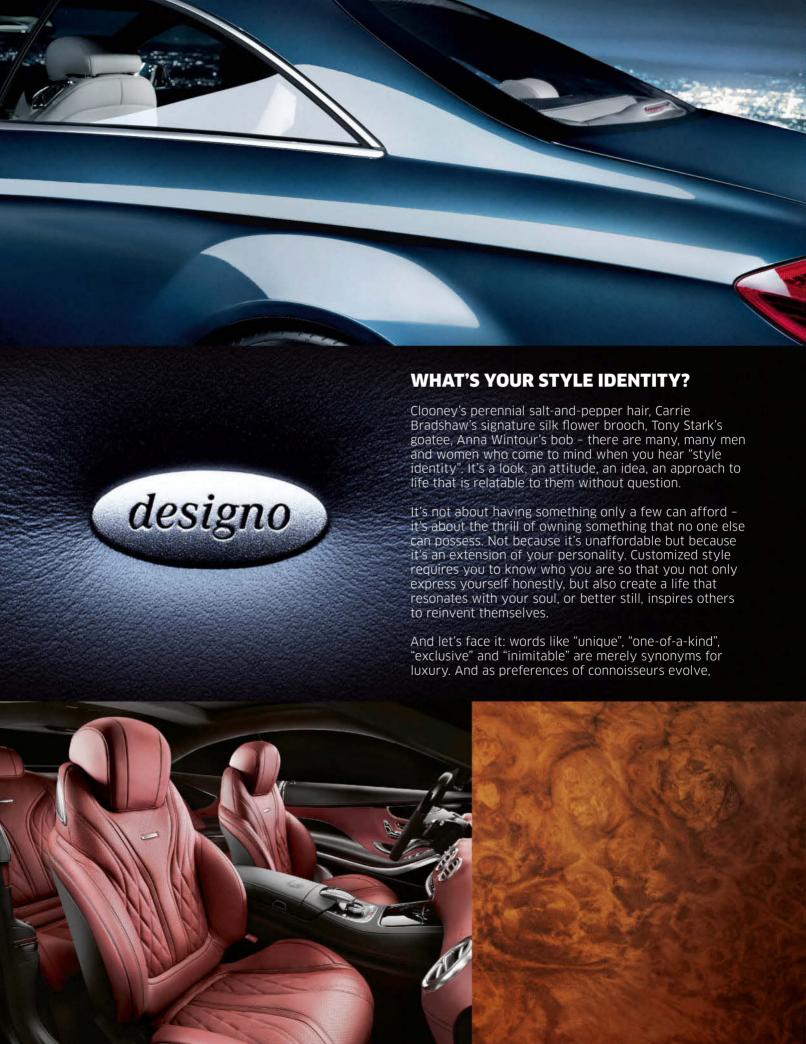
Typical salaries here range from ₹3 to 6 lakh. "This type of manservant 2.0 is very common among the city's elite," says Manav Singh (name changed), an e-commerce retailer from Delhi. "He's like a human Swiss Army knife set, he's multipurpose. The very image-conscious will ensure he's dressed in the traditional bow tie and waistcoat attire, but in my household it's a safari suit."

Whether it's the high-flying Mr Carson variety or the desi substitute who may not know the right thing to say if he jams the cloche with the soup into madam's head, they know all your secrets. "If he walks in on anything inappropriate," says Singh, "he'll pretend not to notice, plump a cushion and simply leave."



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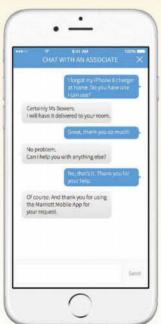




Text-a-towe

Forgot your toothbrush? Just send housekeeping a text. JW Marriott has launched a helpful new mobile app that lets loyalty members ask for services across several global properties, including those in India. Tap the Mobile Request tab in the app and you'll get a list of common asks in seven categories like "towels", "bedding and pillows", "housekeeping" and "luggage assistance". Then simply select what you're looking for and the hotel will send it up. There's also a two-way chat feature in case your request isn't listed. You can use the app as early as 72 hours before check-in - which means that those extra mini booze bottles you always feel embarrassed to ask for will be kept in your room even before you arrive.

mobileapp.marriott.com





A ROYAL AFFAIR

Dinner in an open amphitheatre in Coorg surrounded by 101 candles; a deep shipwreck dive in the Maldives; a secret walk through the historic passages of a 19th century Nizami palace: an off-themenu omakase meal at Wasabi in Mumbai, one of Asia's top restaurants The Taj is endeavouring to go beyond traditional luxury and offering curated, offbeat experiences not many can boast of having tried. And with the all-new, friendlier Tai InnerCircle loyalty programme, the quintessentially Indian hotel chain has also done away with irksome loopholes like blackout dates. Points won't expire for active members, and it's even possible to use them to avail of a low off-season tariff. The reiuvenated programme now has four levels of membership with Platinum, the highest tier, offering these premium experiences that redefine holidaying for the traveller who's seen it all. tajhotels.com/ reward-programmes/ tajinnercircle/index.html



INTERCONTINENTAL

You know what's a great way to travel between two continents? An **Uberboat**. Capitalizing on Istanbul's infamous road congestion, Uber now offers to transport you across the Bosphorous river, which separates Asia from Europe, and can potentially save you hours in peak traffic. There is of course a public ferry, underground metro or two highway bridges you could use to get across, but none of those are as boss as whipping over in a speedboat. *uber.com*

YES, PAPA

Continuing his streak of innovative concepts after Made In Punjab, Masala Library and Farzi Café, Zorawar Kalra's newest joint takes on Asian cuisine. Using molecular techniques, on offer at **Pa Pa Ya** are Asian tapas like sushi burgers and avocado tacos with scallion kimchee. The 2,200 sqft space at the Palladium Mall in Mumbai, imagined by serial restaurant designer Ayaz Basrai, will also use elements of 3D mapping to create a sensory experience that's a first for a restaurant in India. Look out for it when it opens this month.





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The land that gave us the tango and Neruda has never been shy about stoking the flames of romance, which is why we're taking our girlfriends, wives and Tinder pals to hilltop cities in Mexico, to beachside bungalows in Uruguay, to out-of-this-world tequila sips in the jungles of Ecuador. It's time to brush up on your Spanish, and then it's time to melt her corazón

THE GUATEMALAN HIGHLANDS

SLEEP UNDER THE VOLCANOES OF LAKE



November-May 🅳 casapalopo.com 👝 Boating 🐚 Gluttony

→ We had five kidless days for the first time in about a decade - a syzygy of planets! - and we were starved for some small adventure to celebrate a bunch of delayed celebrations - big birthdays, anniversaries, etc - so my wife asked one of her globe-trotting friends, someone who'd spent her 20s backpacking far and wide: If you could return to only one place, anywhere in the world, where would it be?

"Oh, that's easy," said her friend, "Lake Atitlán," A-tit-whut?? It sounded a little naughty

and fantastic and

mythological. It was located in the highlands of Guatemala and the internet quickly told us that the body of water was not only one of the deepest in Central America but was touted as one of the world's most beautiful. "Atitlán is Como." reads Aldous Huxley's oft-quoted assessment, "with additional embellishment of several immense volcanoes. It is really too much of a good thing."

We were all in for too much of a good thing! And that first sighting - after landing in Guatemala City, driving

two hours west, and switchbacking down the last mountainside into the village of Pana – did not disappoint. The lake was a stunning aquamarine disc hovering in its highland caldera, mostly devoid of boat traffic, and looked after by the lush, rugged mountains that rose up around it, including, dramatically, the troika of volcanoes on its southern shore. A strong breeze picked up, called Xocomil, or "the wind that carried away sin". And so we indulged ourselves.

We had dinner by candlelight, watching the world dim, the air cool and dry (even in August the altitude keeps it hospitable and bugfree here), toasting too much of a good thing. And we had too much of a good thing over the next days when we wandered Pana aimlessly, or when we hired a boat and went from village to

village - from the laidback hippie vibe of San Pedro to the festival day at Santiago that brought a wild parade. We had too much of a good thing when we went to San Marcos La Laguna and found a perfect swimming spot where we lingered for hours, then had lunch at a little cliffside hotel. La Casa del Mundo, with another spectacular view of the lake. The wind (that carried away sin... I just like saying it) kicked up again, whipping the lake

into a froth - and we had too much of a good thing when we motored back in the evening from our adventuring to a traditional Mayan sauna and cocktails on the terra-cotta porch. Afterwards, we gazed across the lake at that embellishment of volcanoes, stunned by the stars haloed above them, reflecting there in the water a swarm of fireflies, ours for having come to see it

-MICHAEL PATERNITI

ASK A REALLIVE



Hey, GQ Lifestyle Editor Megha Shah, where should we take you?

Everyone knows that Brazil is hot right now, but its more refined and underrated neighbour Uruguay is the place to go if you really want to one-up your globetrotting friends. Stay at the Bahia Vik in José Ignacio, a fashionable art hotel and a surfy alternative to Brazil's Trancoso. You can head out to many of the party hotspots, which attract rock 'n' rollers and sexy socialites, or you can lounge on the beach where the nightlife includes guitar music and the scent of sweet Mary Jane drifting on the sea breeze."





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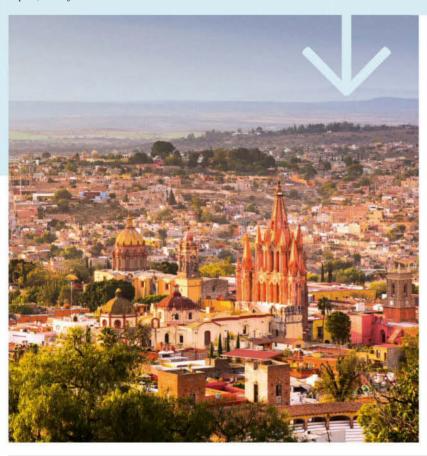


LEGENDARY SWISS WATCHES SINCE 1853

THE HILLS OF MEXICO

SKIP THE BEACHES: IN MEXICO, GO STRAIGHT FOR THE HEARTLAND

> You don't come to San Miguel de Allende and Guanajuato to lounge in a hotel or stare out at the horizon. You come for a feast – from the sight of the city when you wake up, to the taste of the tequila when you're stumbling home. Both cities, we're happy to report, have you covered. -ERIC SULLIVAN





DUCK-CONFIT TACO AT LAS MERCEDES

Dine in the owner's home. The food - barely elevated Mexican - is delicious.



THE FRESH FRUITS OF MERCADO HIDALGO

This market is in a century-old vaulted-ceilinged space. Buy a just-picked mango.



THE MARIACHIS IN JARDIN DE LA UNION

The sharply dressed bands in this central square will serenade you with tales of amor.



THE BREEZE ON THE ROOF OF HOTEL EDELMIRA

Bring dos cervezas; the air flowing from nearby mountains will refresh your soul.

SAN MIGUEL



SQUASH-BLOSSOM TAMALE AT MOXI

at the food of Enrique Olvera, the world's best Mexican chef, for less than a Benjamin.



A SHOT OF CASA DRAGONES TEQUILA

Sip, don't shoot, at a privately held tasting in a four-century-old stone house.



THE TOLLING OF THE PARROQUIA BELLS

The hourly ringing will remind you how late you're out at the clubs along Calle Umaran.



THE COBBLESTONES OF CALLE ALDAMA

In a city you'll explore on foot, this mansion-lined street is one of the most romantic.

THE MEXICAN COASTS

OK, DON'T SKIP THE BEACHES. BUT CHOOSE WISELY



FOR THE SOPHISTICATED SPRING-BREAKER

CARIBBEAN OPTION PLAYA DEL CARMEN

Near Cancún and Gomorrah; packed with bars where the girls have gone a bit less wild.

PACIFIC PICK PUERTO VALLARTA

The flash and tequila reserves of Cabo, minus your wife being asked to flash her tits.



FOR THE PATCHOULI ENTHUSIAST

CARIBBEAN OPTION TULUM

Once a haven for ecoleisure, now ground zero for fashion shoots and model selfies

PACIFIC PICK TODOS SANTOS

Cabo's artsy neighbour is home to more galleries than you can throw fish tacos at.



FOR AN ACTUAL ESCAPE

CARIBBEAN OPTION AKUMAL

Book a room on Half Moon Bay and never drive or put on shoes unless you want to.

PACIFIC PICK PUERTO ESCONDIDO

A cactus-filled stretch of coast; Oaxaca's surf-bum paradise.

-STAN PARISH



THE ECUADORIAN JUNGLE

HER GUILT-FREE GROWN-UP TREE HOUSE

→ What you're looking for is the gasp: Does her first glimpse of your destination - the room, the view, the sheer seclusion of it all - cause such awe, such ecstasy, that it results in a sharp intake of breath? Mashpi Lodge, located in a vast biodiversity reserve in the Andes cloud forest of northern Ecuador, delivers the gasp. Its signature glass-walled design - floor to ceiling in all 22 guest rooms and twice as high in the majestic dining room - gives Mashpi the feel of a massive terrarium plunked into the middle of a lush, teeming jungle.

The gasp pretty quickly gives way to bafflement. How does this place even exist? It doesn't seem like it should, considering the four-hour dirt-road trip from Quito required to just get a couple of humans here, and the four different varietals of condensation (rain, fog, mist and steam) you have to wade through in the process. Whatever sorcery was required to build Mashpi, it was worth it. Of course, Mashpi is still an eco-lodge, and it operates right on the line between comfort and largesse. The rooms feature billionthread count bedding and

July-September

mashpilodge.com

Eco-bragging

Hiking

furniture made from local seike wood, but most do not have water-hogging bathtubs. The restaurant is first-rate, but there's no room service. The spa is a nice touch, but it's spartan - more therapeutic than luxurious. You come here to hike, spot a howler monkey or a toucan or a rare orchid, slosh through mucky trails all day, sky-bike 200 feet over the forest canopy, and then collapse into bed right after dinner. If you want a sense of Mashpi's priorities, consider this: The rubber boots are complimentary.

-DEVIN GORDON

CHILE THREE WAYS

YES, SHE CAN HAVE IT ALL

Chile is as long as the US is wide, and it has far more up its sleeve than just beaches and wine. - MARK BYRNE



THE DESERT

If you have the credit limit, check in to Awasi - the country's best, most pampering hotel, high up in the Atacama Desert. Awasi's MO is to liquor you up at night and then bring you out into its big, ridiculous world during the day. Ever had a picnic on an endless desert plateau 8,000 feet in the sky? Neither has she



THE CITIES

Santiago's hotel The Aubrey was once some rich dude's very posh home; now it's 15 very posh rooms you can rent by the night. Sleep there, but take a day trip to La Sebastiana, Pablo Neruda's house in Valparaíso. Then ride an ascensor to a view of the port Neruda himself called "a tug-of-war between the sea and nature.



THE GLACIERS

You'd be forgiven for spending an entire trip just staring at the things jutting out from Patagonia's speckled coast. Book at Remota and you can actually stare at the icy gulf from your room. (Or from a hot tub - her choice.) Try to tear yourself away to see Torres del Paine National Park, which might as well be sponsored by Instagram.





Hey, GO Deputy Editor Shikha Sethi. where should we take you?

For an out-of-this-world experience, try the world's largest salt lake in Bolivia, the Salar de Uyuni, where endless miles of white salt plains mirror the blue sky. You'll stay at the Palacio Del Sal at the edge of the flats, a five-star resort. from where you'll take in views of this surreal moonscape. The next day, hire a 4WD and drive across this yawning expanse of white till you're quite lost. That's when you uncork the bubbly and get very, very drunk at 12,000 feet above sea level."



THE AMAZON RIVER

THIS BOUTIQUE HOTEL WILL TAKE HER FOR A RIDE

December-May aquaexpeditions.com Skiff-riding Sird-watching

→ The Venn diagram overlap of adventurous vacations and romantic vacations may be small, but one trip in that sweet spot comes in the form of the Aria Amazon, a riverboat that makes a luxury experience out of South America's most legendary river. During the twice-daily excursions on a 20-foot skiff, if you remain silent as the sun slides below the horizon, the cacophony of the jungle erupts all around you: animals calling out, looking to pair up.

The humans you meet on the trip like one another a lot, too. Villagers cruising by in dugout canoes wave as you drift past. You visit a village and meet the ten families living there, and you're invited into their homes. The children recite your names, and you learn theirs. Not all goes according to plan. During the high-water season, dry land is nowhere in sight. The skiff, it turns out, can run out of gas, leaving you at the whims of the river. You help paddle the skiff to a place where you can be rescued, your lady firmly convinced of your heroism.

Back on the Aria, you feast on elevated Peruvian cuisine, prepared by an onboard chef, and the always-flowing Chilean wine. You return to your room; the floor-to-ceiling windows frame the crisp stars. You're on the Amazon! This is adventure with a soft bed. -ERIC SULLIVAN

THE CURIOUS WORLD OF ANIL KAPOR

On the precipice of his fifth decade in show business, the 58-year-old could give you a lesson in being young. He could even give you a lesson in voice modulation, the science of running and making it to the front page of the LA Times. Because Anil Kapoor has all the answers

WRITTEN BY MEGHA SHAH PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERRIKOS ANDREOU STYLED BY VIJENDRA BHARDWAJ

A few times a day, at opportune or inopportune moments, Anil Kapoor talks to himself in the mirror. "You're a good-looking bastard," he croons. "You're superb, you're fantastic, you're incredible." It can be any synonym for the word great and it can be any mirror at all. He squints, tilts his head, puffs out his chest, sets his chin forward and then parades out into the world. He does this unselfconsciously, with or without people around, with or without a shoot to go to. It's instinctive, regular, like spritzing on cologne or reaching for butter when you see bread.

In Bollywood, the question of eternal good looks and whether the world is judging you while you're walking the red carpet, or drinking coffee, or looking in the mirror, is a philosophical one, almost an epistemological one, a matter of chemistry devoid of science. Your perception of yourself, especially as you age, will determine your level of sanity. And so this apparent act of megalomania is in this world a quirky, almost healthy manifestation of being scrutinized every day for four decades.

For all the hair jokes – and there's plenty (hair and jokes) – Kapoor doesn't always feel very manly. Mostly because he hails from an era where being almost caveman-like was a virtue. When he entered the scene in the early Eighties, all earnestness, floppy hair and sexual torque, he was immediately branded as ordinary. "I wasn't like the other heroes, I didn't feel adequate, mostly because I was told I wasn't good-looking. I didn't have the ruggedness or chiselled handsomeness of Sanjay Dutt or Jackie Shroff or Sunny Deol. Nor the height nor the gruff voice of Amitabh Bachchan." So he opened up his shirt buttons, showed some hair, began jutting out his chin to create the illusion of a strong jaw, wore a head band while sleeping to force his hairline back, did voice modulation exercises for hours everyday (still does) to develop a guttural voice and began telling himself in the mirror that he was great.

Ironically, today Kapoor – the most singular of his generation to remain relevant – is known for his looks. While many of his contemporaries have "let themselves go", he appears to be frozen in time. An ageless wizard able to be the sexy, crimefighting, day-saving protagonist of one of Indian television's slickest shows, a shape-shifter with a keen sense of pop culture.

The most recent example of this: a cameo in the widely popular American show, *Family Guy*, featuring the dirtiest talking bunch of cartoons around.

Kapoor is currently folded into a chair in his modernist office in Santacruz. He is not a big man – he is fit, light on his feet, and younger looking than his 58 years – and he doesn't stop talking. Not ever. Not really. He speaks animatedly, the way some people use exclamation points. And when he looks at an audience of one, really looks at you, it feels like you may be a part of some skit. And sometimes it feels like you're not needed at all. The monologue would still continue. Sparkling eyes. Sharp brow. Twitch of exasperation. He regards things sideways, curious, excited at the very prospect of them, as though asking: what's this new thing, then?

It's taken Kapoor 45 years in the movie business to allow himself to be portrayed as a grey-haired patriarch in Zoya Akhtar's *Dil Dhadakane Do.* "It was a strategic decision. I am getting exhausted with maintaining the perception of my eternal youth. I needed to put an end to that." He takes a sip of his green tea, sets his chin.

Kapoor went to some lengths to hide his look for the film from the media, insisting that he didn't want to be featured in any trailers or promotions, even using disguises to conceal his older-man persona until its release. "The media in this country is regressive. I didn't want to answer incredulous questions about why I'm playing Priyanka's father. They wouldn't get it. And it's not my job to educate them."

here are a great many things that Kapoor is finding unsatisfactory this afternoon as he squints with magnificent hauteur at his phone, which he's trying to manipulate into life, to extract some photos to show me, while a team of writers work on the script of the new season of 24 in the next room.

"The more I travel, the more exposure I receive. I am evolving, but everyone around me just isn't and it can get frustrating." →





He gives a flubbery-lipped exhalation that falls somewhere on the gestural spectrum between an eye roll and a sigh.

"When I was on the sets of Mission Impossible 4, I realized just how much the difference between the two worlds is. The amount of prep that these fellows do [in Hollywood] is incredible. We had a shoot in Dubai, and performing the action sequences – which involved a lot of running – in that kind of heat requires a different kind of skill. But those same temperatures and conditions had been created before in LA, to practise. Bollywood is nowhere near this mark."

Next, he's ranting about copyists. "Whenever I interact with Mr [Christopher] Nolan, he gets so angry: 'You guys ripped my bloody film' he says." He's talking about *Ghajini*, which had a similar storyline to Nolan's 2001 film *Memento*. "All these people behave as if they're artists, by copying. Not giving the dues to the people who've actually created it. It stinks. In this part of the world people just lift it right off, and it makes them millionaires!" He shakes his head incredulously.

"I bought the rights for 24. We were partners. It got respect, because everything was done legitimately. 24 was made earlier in India, you know? But they cheated. That's why it failed."

Despite average TRPs, he's proud of the first season, which managed to attract those viewers who had more or less stopped watching Indian television – urban men. "24 is like Mr India. We couldn't measure its [Mr India's] success initially, but then it went on to get cult status. Back then we decided that our next film had to be more commercial, so we made Roop Ki Rani Choron Ka Raja, and fell flat on our faces. So I have learned from my own mistakes. I was clear with the Colors team that for the first season of 24 I want to concentrate on the aesthetics. I wanted to capture the attention of the opinion-makers. We will try and reach out to more audiences in the second season, but we have to remain true to its soul, which is the international format. That's what makes it cool. The real success of 24 will be felt years later."

Even when he speaks like he's suffering from a Hollywood hangover, even when a lot of what he says feels like he's boasting, it's tough to find him unpleasant. Because Kapoor is sincere. He might even be earnest. He's far from humourless – he has a loud, goofy laugh that he lets out often. And even if he's irritable and jaded, he's no cynic. He's the opposite: a romantic. And his favourite muse appears to be life.

He's excited about his next project, an Indian adaptation of *Modern Family*. And he wants to know my opinion on which character I think he should play. But before I can answer, he's talking again. "Sonam thinks I should play Jay and Rhea thinks I should be Phil," he says, looking straight ahead at the wall, quiet for a rare moment, mulling. "Rhea is usually correct about these things. Everybody would expect me to do the role of Jay. Because he has a young attractive wife – it's the lead. But I like to do the unexpected. I would rather take the supporting role than the lead if it works better for me." There

is truth in that. Whether it's cameos in Hollywood films or multi-starrers in Bollywood, which most leading actors avoid, he hasn't pussyfooted around projects that could put him in the "supporting actor" category. He's done 13 films with Jackie Shroff alone.

"I'm not like most stars," Kapoor states. "They take themselves too seriously. They will try not to be accessible for the sake of it. They think, 'If I go here with him or agree to do that with him it will help build his brand. If I attach myself, his status will go up.' They have this delusional sense of superiority. I feel sad for them," he chuckles.

apoor's conversation does not follow a straight road, from A to B. It takes diversions, unexpected twists and turns, unscheduled stops, from A to B via J, with a U-turn back to D. In some ways this makes him a frustrating interviewee. He circumambulates the topic, offers up an anecdote about his father Shammi Kapoor's secretary, finds a photograph from his past. But I'm enjoying talking to him. Why? For one thing, he seems to be enjoying himself too. And that's infectious.

"My next idea is to work on a format that is only for Netflix. That would be entertainment bound by no censorship and I would be able to express in ways I can't in a movie or on television. There are great times ahead for entertainment. It's like the restaurant business, it will always be there.

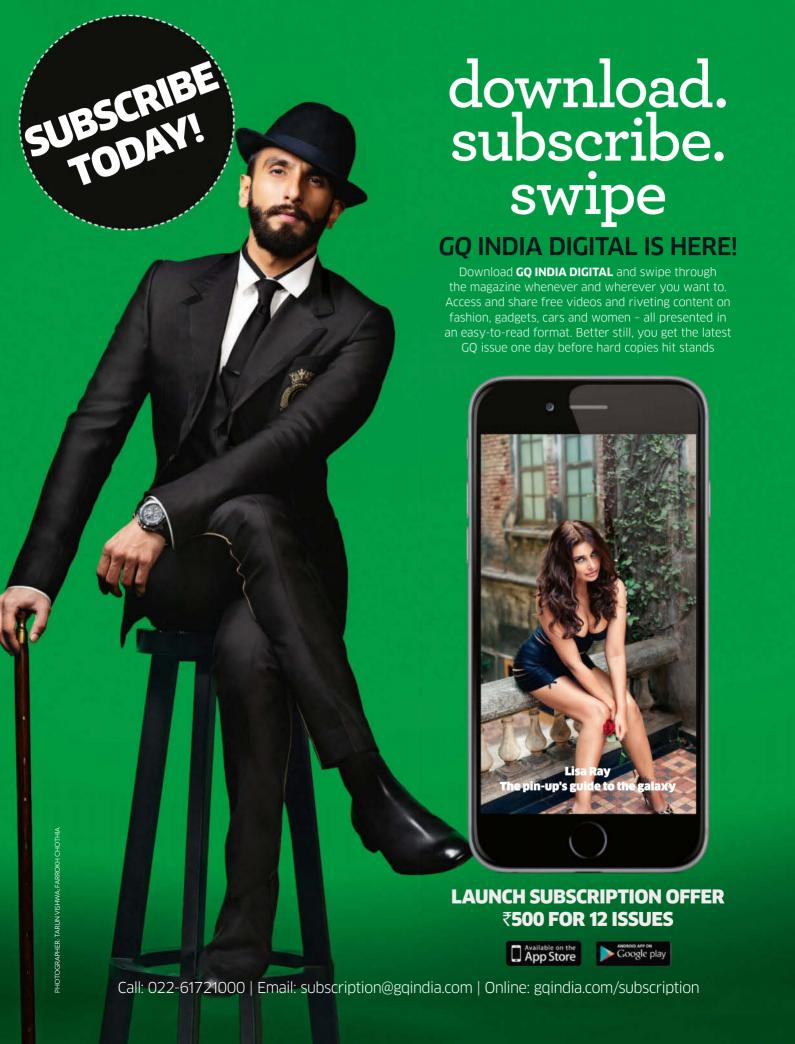
"And I hope I'm there forever too. At 75, I want to still have a spark in my eyes. I want to be able to sit with a beautiful woman and a glass of Japanese whisky and be able to charm her. So I ration my fun. It's not that I don't enjoy going to parties, but I need sleep. I'm not greedy for fun. I have based my personal life on reward and punishment. If I have rewarded myself on a particular day, I must punish myself equally.

"But not with family. There, I want to include. It could have been a tough environment with both Sonam and me as actors, my son who will be acting soon and Rhea as a producer. But Sunita [his wife] ensures there are no strange dynamics. She's the superstar at home. I am the least important member."

His teacup now drained, he gets up and ushers me excitedly into one of the many whitewashed corridors of his office and shows me a clipping of the front page of the *LA Times*, dated February 23, 2009, which is framed on the wall. It's a candid shot of the cast and crew of *Slumdog Millionaire* after having won eight Oscars. It's the end of the awards evening, and everyone, though ecstatic, is scattered, looking left and right. Kapoor is the only one in the centre, holding an award high and beaming right into the camera, appearing to be the sole winner. "It's all the practising in the mirror. I knew exactly where to look at the right time," he grins. "We are Indian, after all. It comes naturally."







MY COLOURS DOUBLE WRAP LEATHER BRACELETS BY **TOD'S**, ₹14,000 EACH (SINGLE-TONE) OR ₹19,000 EACH (DOUBLE-TONE)

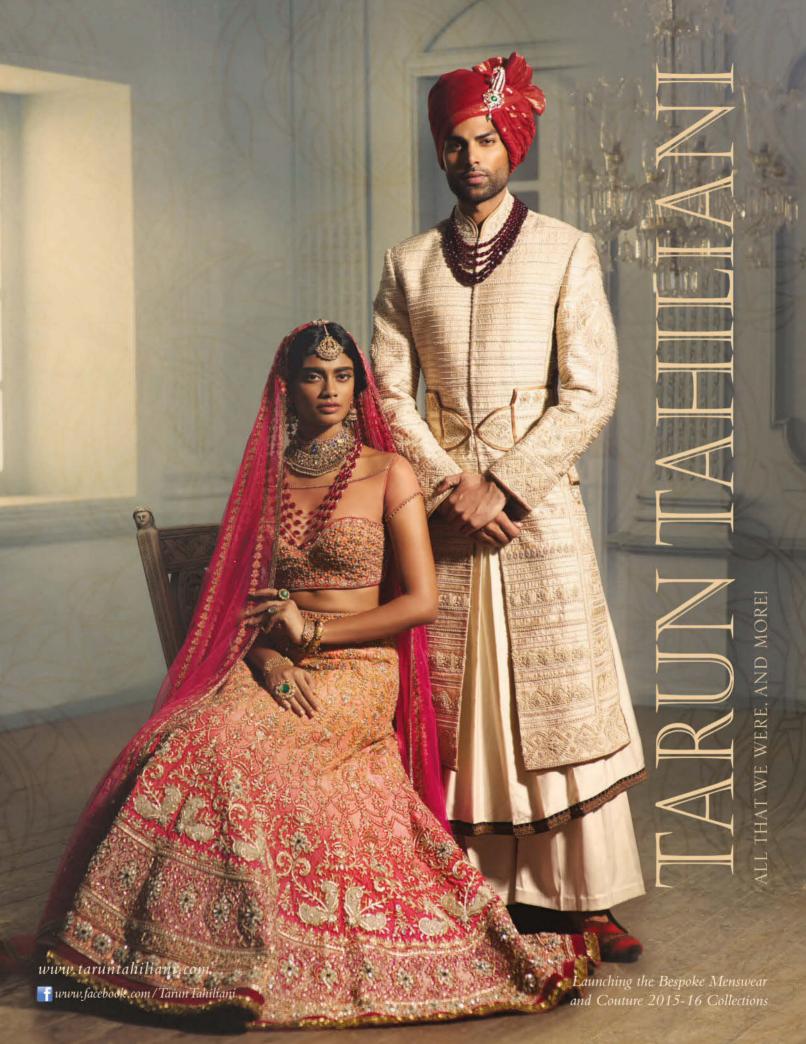
Without wearing a suit

- ROLAND LANE
 RAVNEET CHAN
 SHIVANGI LOLA RAVNEET CHANNA
- SHIVANGI LOLAYEKAR

WORK IT HARD

You want these pieces to fit with precision – a beige waistcoat that's snug enough with a shirt and trousers that are the perfect length. Once that's fine-tuned, wear the look ponchalantly – with look nonchalantly - with loafers, and a spring in

→ WAISTCOAT BY CORNELIANI, PRICE ON REQUEST. SHIRT, ₹16,750, TROUSERS, ₹13,200; BOTH BY PAUL SMITH. TIE, ₹9,100, SHOES, ₹23,900; BOTH BY HACKETT LONDON













RECHARGE YOUR STYLE!

The millennial guy is a ladies' man – stylish, charming and seriously well-groomed. With Pond's revolutionary men's skincare range on your top-shelf, you too can follow his lead



e's the man about town who always looks good no matter where he's been or where he's going. He works hard, but parties harder. Always ready to #getRecharged. Varun Dhawan, the quintessential modern stud, the actor with impeccable style and a flawless face, and the brand ambassador of Pond's Men – launches their latest line of skin saviours – Pond's Men Pollution Out Face Wash. He gives you all the cues and confidence to get a bright and energized, age-defying, mug day after day...

DATE NIGHT, DRESS (YOUR FACE) RIGHT

Going out on a date with a number 10? Up your game and dress the part. But remember, clothes alone don't make a man. Skin is just as important. Give your freshly shaved cheeks a dose of energy, brightness and a super-smooth feel that'll have your bae giving you face-contact through the night. Tip: keep a face wash and moisturiser loaded with coffee bean extract handy. Rest assured, it'll give you smoother skin texture and add brightness to the face. Boom son, you're golden!

POST WORKOUT FLUSH TO FRESH

After a good workout, your skin's already halfway to wow. And while exercising may come with sweat, dirt and oil, it also comes with a charge of oxygen and nutrients which help impart that healthy glow. Now you can keep it that way – before, during and after the gym. Especially when your face wash features a cooling menthol that refreshes skin in a iiffy. Afterglow? No sweat, bruh!

It's no secret that cabin air wreaks havoc on the skin. But now you can look and feel as fresh as a daisy even after flying cross country. Now spruce the life back into skin with antioxidant-rich potions. It's a great way to recharge yourself as it removes micro particles from deep inside and thoroughly cleans your face, leaving it bright and energised. It contains activated carbon which acts like a magnet to suck out deep seated pollution particles, dirt and dust. So before you go and flirt with the hot flight attendant, head to the lavatory with your props to give your dull, tired, blahlooking face a much-needed boost of energy.







CONFERENCE TO COCKTAILS SWAG

After a hard day's work, put your best face on as you move from the boardroom to the bar. And now it's easy! Before having your first (much-deserved) drink of the evening, give your skin a shot of coffee and #getRecharged. Its carbon extract and coffee bean icy scrub exfoliates dead skin cells and the brightening foam recharges dull skin to make it look healthy, handsome and give your skin an energized glow that'll take you from the am to the pm like a boss.

HIDE AWAY THE HANGOVER

After a long night of drinking, when your head is pounding a beat from last night's trance and your body is yelling at you for all the debauchery, give yourself a complete reset with a super-powered face wash with deep cleansing properties. This is an instant fix that does exactly what it claims to do – kick-starts your tired looking skin, helps you #getRecharged and makes you look like you got five more hours of sleep than you actually did. As for the actual hangover, there's always the hair of the dog.

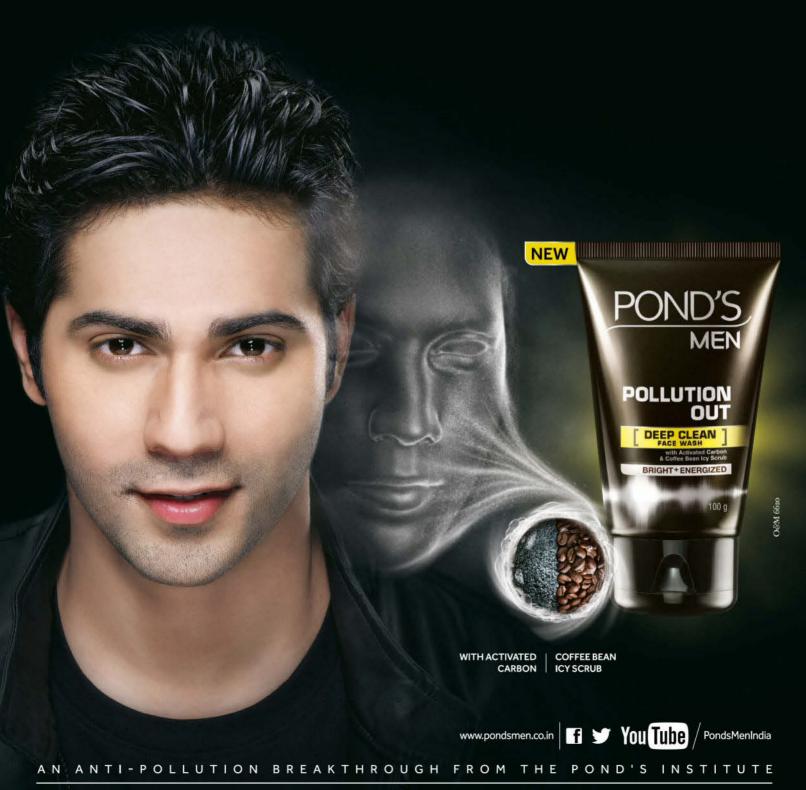


LOOK GOOD, FEEL GREAT #getRecharged

It's no secret that we live in a polluted country, lead stressful lives and barely take the time out to take care of our mind, body, soul... and skin. But now, with the new Pond's Men Pollution Out Deep Clean Face Wash, you can save your face and look great through it all. Loaded with activated carbon which acts as a magnet to suck out deep seated pollution particles, dirt and dust, it gives your face a thorough cleansing, leaving it supercharged and sexy-looking all at the same time. What's more, the coffee bean icy scrub in the facewash exfoliates dead skin cells leaving bumps non-existent and blotchiness chilled out. So, what are you waiting for – time to #getRecharged!



POLLUTION OUT FACE WASH FOR BRIGHT+ENERGIZED SKIN





BOY GIORGIO

Armani the brand turns forty years young this year. Armani the man is in his eighties. Both of which are impressive facts. But what's really remarkable (and inspiring as hell to anyone who dreams of his own second act) is that when you do the math, you realize that **Giorgio Armani** was once a completely unknown forty-something striver, still trying to figure out who and what he wanted to be.

Michael Hainey sits down for a rare in-depth interview with the godfather of fashion



iorgio Armani didn't accomplish anything until his forties. Everything you see now: the globespanning business empire, the personal fortune that *Forbes* calculates to be north of \$7 billion, the name that has come to connote the larger idea of style itself? None of that existed when the man turned 40.

In the early Seventies, Giorgio Armani was just another middle-aged man, a one-time medical student, wondering if his best days were behind him. He was in Milan, having started out as a window dresser at a department store. He displayed some skill at that, got promoted, became the menswear buyer, eventually moved on to work as a designer for Nino Cerruti. "I was fine," Armani says of his life then. "Fine."

Forty and... "Fine." It's a feeling many men know too well. A feeling that sends a shiver through their souls when they confront themselves in the mirror. That moment when men often pack away their youthful ambitions. The time of resignation, of settling.

Armani chose not to settle. In July of 1975 he was in a relationship with a man named Sergio Galeotti. It was Galeotti, seeing Armani's potential, who encouraged him to start his own company. To fund their start-up, Galeotti persuaded Armani to sell his Volkswagen Beetle. They took that money and opened an office. Two employees. Galeotti running the books, Armani the creative.

"It was Sergio who believed in me," Armani tells me in Milan, before he mounts what he estimates to be his 120th men's show. "Sergio made me believe in myself. He made me see the bigger world."

Today, at 80 years of age, Armani is so completely identified with success, with Italy, with glamour and luxury, that

it is almost impossible to perceive the ordinary personhood of him; he seems more like an avatar of the brand he created. In his four decades as head of Giorgio Armani S.p.A., he has been heralded as an innovator and, in recent years, sometimes criticized for no longer innovating. Yet through all the high points and lulls – this is fashion, after all – his company endures and expands.

The afternoon before I met him for the first time, I took an hour-long train ride to Piacenza, the town on the Po River where Armani was born in 1934, the son of a civil servant. Piacenza is, in many ways, an undistinguished, provincial place. During World War II, when Armani was a young boy growing up here, large parts of it were crushed by Allied bombers, and Armani's childhood home was damaged. When he was nine, Giorgio and some friends discovered a bag of gunpowder and, boys being boys, set about screwing with it. It exploded. Armani, severely burned, spent six weeks in a hospital recovering from his wounds. At one point, his family feared he might lose his vision.

I ended up speaking with Armani – or, as everyone in his orbit unfailingly calls him, "Mr Armani" – for three days, spread out over a week, observing him backstage at his men's shows in Milan and visiting his workspace in Paris. His handlers claim their boss speaks no English. I say "claim" because it's clear that Armani understands English, but perhaps due to vanity or a lack of confidence in his abilities, he does not speak it. As a result, just about all of my conversation with him was through a translator.

How do you not age? Look at you.

A well-maintained physique is a great business card. Ideas and intelligence are what matters, but if you have a well-maintained physique, it's better. It's a classic ideal: healthy mind, healthy body. And, at least for me: discipline. Keeping the body in shape requires effort. It's the antidote to laziness, which is what I hate most of all. And it is an antidote against the passage of time.

What is the biggest misconception that people have about you?

That I'm a melancholy person. In reality I'm more cheerful and ironic than it seems.

If you could change something in the

fashion world, what would it be?

The excessive speed of today's fashion. We are required to churn out ideas and collections with enormous speed, but invention and quality take time. My solution is continuity: I evolve at my own pace, because the women and men I dress expect this from me, not just ideas that are only good for the catwalk. Fashion once again needs to find a more human side and real rhythm.

Take me back to your childhood, to Piacenza. What do you remember? Very little. [Pause]

You look like you just went somewhere in your mind.

My bedroom, as a boy. I was remembering the blanket on my bed. It was cotton and there were little flowers on it. I remember there was a stove in the hallway, in the entrance. It was the only heat we had in the house. We lived through a lot of hardship there. I remember, too, the theatre there. My grandfather was a wigmaker for the theatre. And every so often he would bring me. I was little. It fascinated me. One time, he brought me to the premiere of La Bohème, which is set in winter in Paris. The snow. The windowsills, lit up. Candles. And while I was watching the scene in the theatre, outside it was snowing like crazy. It was as if, with the snowing, the theatre had become reality. [His expression turns wistful.] I want to go back to Piacenza.

I can't quite articulate why, but you still seem like a boy from the provinces in the big city.

Very much. Like a boy from the country, out in the world.

And you seem like a shy man.

I am. I've dealt with things I never thought were possible. The public, the press. And the pretence that I had to sustain. I had to fake being up to the challenge. Apart from the painful things I had to overcome. It was very heavy. Not only for love, but because there were people missing from my life. Like Sergio. But also there is a painful period after. [Sergio Galeotti died in 1985. Just over a

decade later, Armani lost his brother, also named Sergio, in 1996.]

What would you say to Sergio [Galeotti] if he were here now?

He'd be crazy with joy. I think principally for me. But also for him... After Sergio died, it was painful. I also had to learn so much about the company, to keep it going. Many people didn't think I could do it. They didn't believe in me. So there was an exodus. And I had to roll up my sleeves and learn to speak to lawyers, to publicists. Now, I could decide today to leave this business. But I look in the faces of everyone here. The mailman who has children. The young woman who has finally made it to a job at Armani. Or the people who have been here for 30 years. All of this prevents me from making what is, in the end, the self-centred decision to stop.

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rmani's breakthrough as a designer came almost immediately after he and Galeotti started the company, when Armani took a traditional men's suit and literally ripped the guts out of it. Until Armani, most "business suits" were boxy and stiff. Armani, wanting a softer profile, sliced out the shoulder pads. He cut the pants fuller. Everything was looser. And then there was his palette of dusty grey and green and brown - the earthy colours, I noticed on my train ride, of the sky and countryside and stone buildings around Piacenza. There was a new sexiness to all of it, and the unstructured, soft iacket revolutionized men's fashion. If. in the Eighties and early Nineties, you were a man in the creative industries (or aspired to look like you were) - media, architecture, acting, maybe even the coach of an NBA championship franchise based in Los Angeles - you wore one thing: Armani.

Do your critics hurt you? People who say you are not relevant?

I have many enemies. Many people who belittle me. "This Armani is boring! This jacket is boring!" Well, at least I have a jacket. I made the jacket unstructured because I wanted to accentuate the body. →

"I always did it my own way. Even today I hold my independence close. It's what's most precious to me"



You made your name with an unstructured jacket, but you like

structure.

It is who I am. I crave it. I have a very rigorous attitude. For example, I make fashion, but I don't dress fashionably, because I know that fashion does not work for me. For my physique, my manner. I would be grotesque. In my atelier, around models, they can't see me as divine. I am a manager who chose a way – like the banker chooses finance or a politician chooses his craft. My craft is fashion. It's a beautiful craft, very demanding. And one for which you sacrifice a lot of your life.

Is that why you are successful? Because you sacrificed?

I always had a burning ambition to realize my potential. [Forty years ago] fashion had only arrived at a certain point. I saw that I could express my vision in full. That I could be bigger than a designer. I could be more like a director - of taste, of lifestyle. But I understood, too, that success like this requires total commitment, if it is going to take on a life of its own. I'm disappointed that many times I had to give up relationships for work. In reality, though, I have no regrets. I did what I wanted. And I have learned along the way, while finding myself as an entrepreneur. I don't have a formula to pass on. I always did it my own way. Even today I hold my independence close. It's what's most precious to me. Passion. Risk. Tenacity. Consistency. This is my professional history.

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he last time I met with Armani was in Paris. Unlike many of the French designers who work in light-soaked ateliers with cinematic views of the city. Armani toils in an almost windowless post-war building near the Arc de Triomphe. In the few days since I had seen him, I had been thinking about Armani's prolific wardrobe work in Hollywood (The Untouchables, Duplicity, The Dark Knight). He entered the pop culture vernacular in America when he dressed Richard Gere in American Gigolo, and he possesses an encyclopaedic knowledge of film. When I asked him at one point about Il Sorpasso, a 1962 classic about a road trip that holds a special place in the hearts of Italians of his generation, his face lit up. "This movie is heart-rending," he said. "It takes me back to my youth." In a way, it makes sense that Armani loves film so much. The medium combines two of his passions: creating beautiful moments, and silent observation.

You strike me as the kind of man who is "alone in a crowd".

Yes. Everything has its purpose. This business helped me overcome my shyness. There's an example I want to give you: Clint Eastwood. He moved from being a fantastic actor to being a director of films. I feel more like Clint Eastwood than some director who aims to be spectacular, who wants to follow the wave of the moment.

(Left) Armani stitched "Giorgio Armani for Bruce Wayne" into the labels for Christian Bale's suits in The Dark Knight; (Below) Brad Pitt in Inglourious Basterds



"I feel more like Clint Eastwood than some director who aims to be spectacular, who wants to follow the wave of the moment"

Both you and Clint did not find your true work until your forties.

Your forties are the moment when you start to become aware. It's just the beginning. I've always believed that to confirm your way of thinking takes time. It takes experimenting. You have to confront different chapters of your life. Maybe I could reproach myself for not thinking enough about the people I had around me. My family. Loves. Memories. I was always here *[points to his head]*, in my work. I guess I didn't think life was so short.

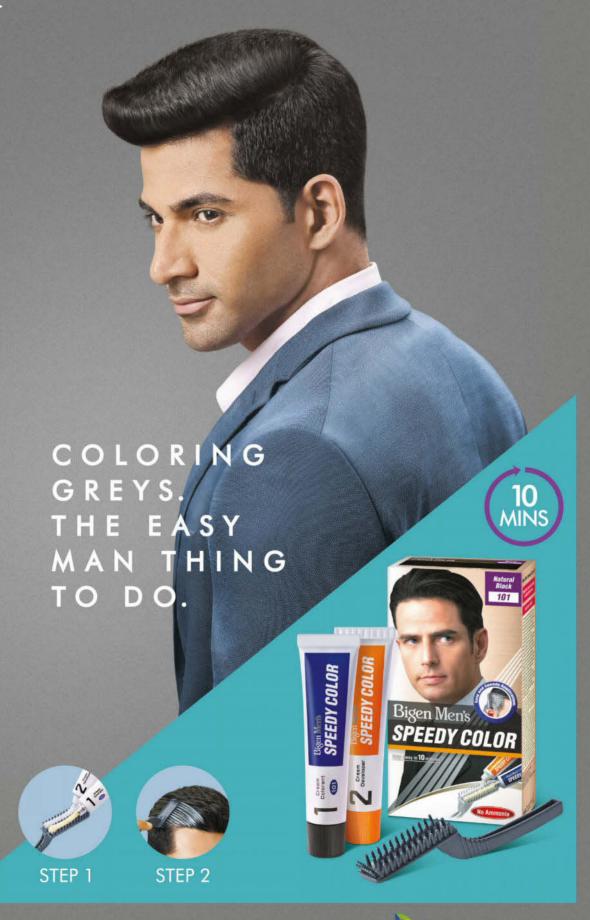
Did fear hold you back?

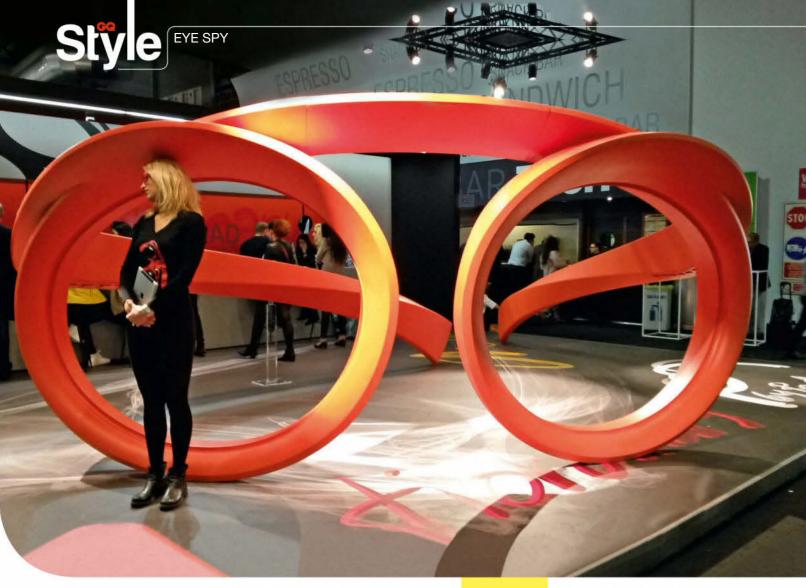
Sometimes fear made me lose time. But, in reality, there's not much I haven't done. [Laughs] As a young man, at one point, I wanted to be an actor. I was a goodlooking guy and probably would have had some luck.

Do you wish you'd sold your company?

No. So long as I am here, I am here. There will be plenty of time for others later. As long as I am here, I am the boss. \odot

Bigen





FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

The hottest trends from the world's biggest eyewear celebration

yewear's kind of a big deal - at least going by MIDO, the world's largest expo dedicated exclusively to framing your peepers. This February, 50,000 visitors came to Milan to explore what 1,200 exhibitors were declaring as the trendiest eyewear. Young labels like Barn's shared space with stalwarts like Luxottica, pushing boundaries to ensure that what you put on your face is the talking point of your style. And trends ranged from rimless spectacles to bug-eyed sunglasses using materials such as steel, wood, animal horn, leather, even python skin.

But MIDO's scale suggests that picking out what works for your face isn't so simple anymore. After trying on scores of frames and flexing each pair to test its muscle, we picked the labels you should set your sights on:

NEW-AGE

Parisian brand **Kenzo** found a nifty way to attract attention: a retro Volkswagen microbus and hostesses in schoolgirl uniforms serving up shots of espresso. But really, its eyewear collection didn't need any help standing out – a combination of reflective tortoise frames and space-

age visors, the kind Daft Punk might wear.

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

It's hard to miss a giant pair of flaming orange spectacles on the expo floor, especially when you're tempted to walk through it. The fourfoot installation invited you into British designer Ron Arad's booth, where his newest collection, the D Frame, was laid out. The innovative style of frame, moulded out of a single piece of material (read: no nuts and bolts) was

Kenzo's Volkswagen microbus took you back to Woodstock





available in an array of colours: one for every day of the week, we like to think.

STANDING OUT

A designer's booth at MIDO is as important as its products. And Italian brand **Blackfin** got it right, winning the Bestand award for its space, The Black Shard. The titanium enclosure was a nod to the sleek eyewear on offer: optical frames and sunglasses that embody strength, lightness and flexibility. Perfect for the guy-onthe-go.

COOL CRED

Away from mass exhibitors, the LabAcademy attracted the hipster set. Dedicated to the youngest names in eyewear, labels like Masahiro Maruyama and Blake Kuwahara presented their futuristic designs

horn and embellishment, while Kuwahara, who's previously created a collection for John Varvatos, played with form and shape. The result? Eyewear fit for the Avengers.

UP TOP, DOWN LOW

If you need a pair of shades for an Arctic or Antarctic summer, Italian label **Nuiit**'s got just what you need. Each wooden frame, looking like something Willy Wonka might wear, has lenses that filter light rays. A clear example of style and substance.

ANIMAL INSTINCT

Danish designer Mai-britt Bovig
Seaton finds inspiration in an
unusual source: orang-utans. But
her handmade glasses are hardly
monkey business. Each ecofriendly pair, made from
biodegradable cotton fibres, is
perfect for your inner tree-hugger.



3 questions with MIDO president Cirillo Marcolin

What is the biggest eyewear trend for men right now?

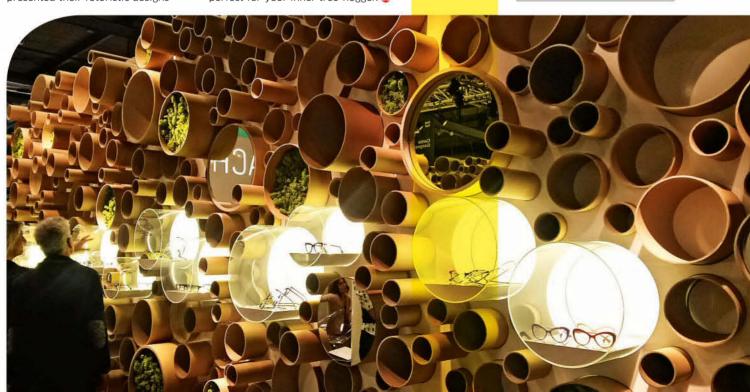
Transparent frames are big this year – the frame is invisible, and the lens takes centre stage.

How has eyewear evolved over the years?

Traditionally, most people have been forced to wear frames just to see better, or for sun protection. But now fashionsavvy men are paying as much attention to their choice in eyewear as they would to their shoes. It's the face we're talking about. So it's really important to pay attention to what you put on it.

What should one looking out for when picking a pair?

Pick quality over fashion with spectacles because they're a medical device. If it's sunglasses, look for sun protection. Design should come next. The glasses should match your personality and profession. Wear what suits you and not just what's trendy. Luckily, there's no dearth of choice today.









FULL BLOOM

You may think florals aren't the most masculine thing to wear when it comes to impressing a girl, but look at Leo in *Romeo + Juliet*. We all know how much women love him, and that movie.

- 1. Tommy Hilfiger global.tommv.com
- 2. Koovs
- 3. GAS Jeans

Wear your shirt open at the neck, bowling style.

STAY DRY

You might not understand the technicalities of rain gear (polyurethane coating and all that) but know that **Wildcraft**'s HypaDry windcheater will keep you drier than white vermouth. The reflective trims are a stylish bonus.

wildcraft.in





The List

TOP PICKS FROM GQ'S STYLE DESK



POLO POSITION

Cufflinks are a little detail that make a big impression. And novelty cufflinks throw it right out of the park – or, in the case of this mallet-stamped pair by **Amrapali**, the polo grounds. Disclaimer: Only for the man who enjoys the good life. **amrapalijewels.com**

STEP UP TO THE BEAT

There's definitely a little rock 'n' roll about the way TAG Heuer CEO Jean-Claude Biver approaches watchmaking and his choice of ambassadors. In line with the brand's millennial focus (read: recent collabs with CR7 and Cara Delevingne) comes the Formula 1 David Guetta Special Edition. The cuff strap acts like your wristband and will earn you the cred you need at the club.

tagheuer.com

acts di vou

HIGH CONTRAST

By now your wardrobe should have black, navy and grey blazers for every occasion. But for your next night out, mix it up with **SS Homme**'s two-toned version. It's just the right kind of flash that'll show you've got cash. *sshomme.in*



DOWN WITH DENIM

Here's a new way to wear the season's hottest trend.

Diesel's denim high-tops even have a pocket detail to make it look like you're wearing your jeans on your feet.

diesel.com



Introducing

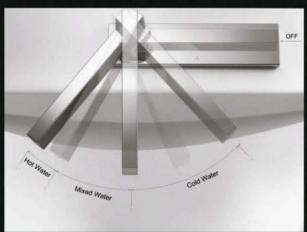
LINEA by Artize



India's first faucet to win the world's most prestigious product design award.



Simplicity and brilliance - in one, smooth move.







Linea's striking design feature is the graceful swinging motion of its spout, which also acts as its on-off mechanism. The multi-purpose spout pivots to form an arc that controls the temperature of water along its curve, allowing for a jet of cold, mixed or hot water at different positions. Eliminating every inessential layer between the user and the experience of the product.





The watch industry put on quite a show at the annual Salon International de la Haute Horlogerie (SIHH) and Baselworld this year. Timepieces got more complicated, some got their old-school groove on, and several of our favourite brands debuted all-new collections – something they haven't done in over a decade













THE COMPLICATIONS RACE CONTINUES

One of the biggest risks an haute horologist can take is to create an offthe-radar, left-field complicated watch. And although many brands start out with the best of intentions, the cool prototypes they peacock sometimes never materialize. When they do, though, you have a talking piece that can give a brand instant heat - as was the case with Jaquet Droz's "Charming Bird" Automaton watch, or, in a true horological first, the split secondsflyback laptimer combo in the Audemars Piguet Royal Oak Concept Laptimer

Michael Schumacher (see pg 100).

MOVING

Why the luxury watch industry is in rude health this year

WRITTEN BY JACK FORSTER

PARTS

THERE'S A GLUT OF AFFORDABLE **RETRO-STYLED WATCHES**

All the action from the vintage auction market is spilling over into novelties. If you're looking for classic-styled timepieces, these are the golden days. Tudor's vintage-inspired North Flag (see pg 111) and perennially popular sports watches like the Pelagos and Black Bay are worth a look-up, as is Oris' Diver's Sixty-Five, a sexy new version of one of its old-school dive watches (see pg 107). Together, they're winning over a legion of fans who are discovering a love for all things mechanical through their first luxury watch purchase.

SCALED-DOWN CLASSIC WATCHES ARE BIG

For a while, watches could never guite get too big or too bold. But the tide's changed. With the realization on the part of the watchbuying public that bigger is not always better, conservatively sized classic dress watches have never had it so good. One of our favourites is the new Saxonia family of watches from A. Lange & Söhne. Lange has always had a huge appeal to traditionalists, but the size of the newest time-only Saxonia is 35mm in diameter is right in the bull's-eye for a classic men's dress watch.

THE MINUTE REPEATER IS THE NEW TOURBILLON

High-end brands have started competing fiercely to build the loudest, clearest, most interesting and innovative chiming timepiece. And there's a good reason why the minute repeater is beginning to replace the tourbillon as the go-to complication for top brands: in a world where modern high-precision mass production has made even tourbillons somewhat ubiquitous, a repeater still demands a craftsman's touch. Watches like Jaeger-LeCoultre's stunning Hybris Mechanica 11 or Vacheron Constantin's Patrimony Contemporaine Ultra-Thin Minute Repeater Calibre 1731 are tangible evidence that cutting-edge, clever engineering and beautiful design can, and should, live in harmony



Jack Forster is the Managing Editor of Hodinkee



VINTAGE WATCHES ARE HOT

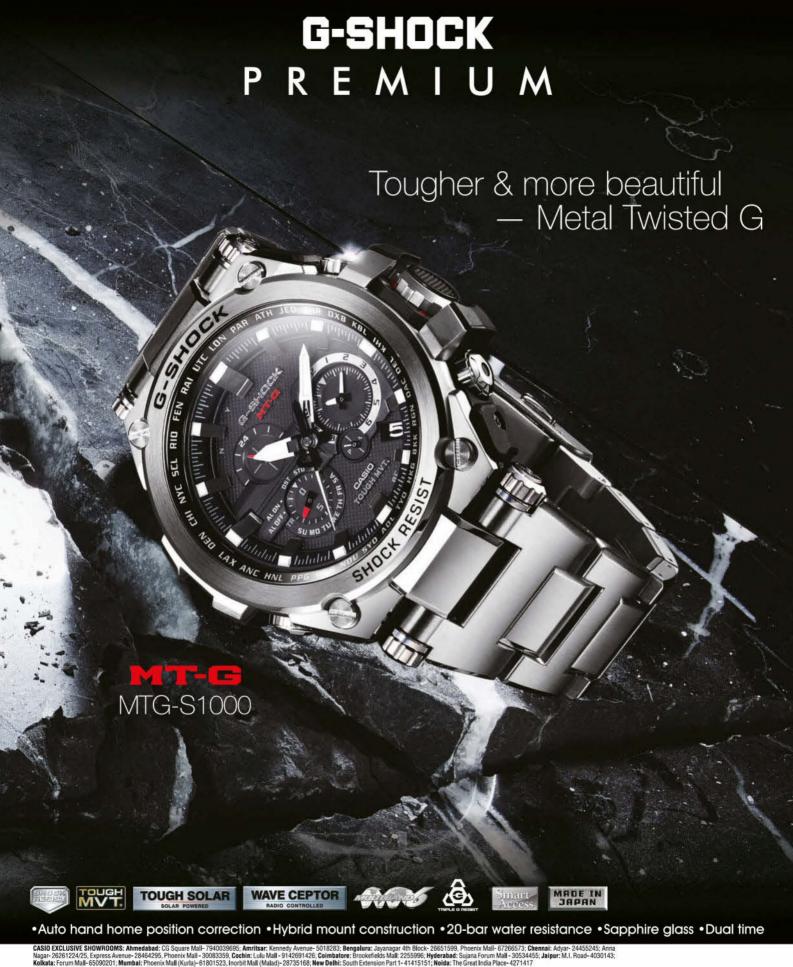
There's a horological renaissance underway - and old is new again. With sky-high demand come prices that match. Desirable vintage models command amounts typically associated with art auctions. But there are still (relative) bargains with affordable Rolex Day-Dates, for example, that come up regularly at auctions. At the other end are exceptional versions of the same watch, like the ultra-rare 1958 platinum Day-Date that was sold earlier this year for \$507,000.





WHY THE SMARTWATCH IS A GOOD THING FOR SWISS WATCHMAKERS

I'm a godfather to three boys, and not one of them wears a watch. Whenever I asked them what they would like for their birthdays, it was either paid holidays or language school, never a watch. Now though they've started asking me for a smartwatch. And I think it's a good sign. This will be a big chance for companies like us to benefit from these customers in the future, who are used to wearing something on their wrists, but want to upgrade to a real watch - an exclusive, Swiss-made timepiece.



CASIO EXCLUSIVE SHOWROOMS: Ahmedabad: CG Square Mail- 7940039695; Amritsar: Kennedy Avenue- 5018283; Bengaluru: Jayanagar 4th Block- 26651599, Phoenix Mail- 67266573; Chennai: Adyar- 24455245; Anna Nagar- 26261224/25, Express Avenue- 28464295, Phoenix Mail- 30083359, Cochin: Lulu Mail - 9142691426; Colmbatore: Brookefields Mail: 2255996; Hyderabad: Sujana Forum Mail- 300534455; Jaipur: M.I. Road- 4030143; Kolkata: Forum Mail- 50590201; Mumbai: Phoenix Mail (Kurla) - 61801523, Inorbit Mail (Mailad) - 28735168; New Delhi: South Extension Part 1-41415151; Noida: The Great India Place- 4271417 (CASIO INDIA CO., PVT. LTD. Delhi: Ph. 6699200; Chandigart - Ph. 6605000; Mameland: Ammedabad, Bangalore, Chennai, Mumbai - Ph. 606000, Mameland: Mameland: Mameland: Mameland, Kolkata, Mumbai - Ph. 606000, Mameland: Mam

CASIO.

A TIME TO KILL

The finest watches from the world's best brands

WRITTEN BY **NICK FOULKES & VARUN GODINHO** PHOTOGRAPHED BY **JIGNESH JHAVERI**

1 A. LANGE & SÖHNE

Lange is a house of subtle refinement – not for this Glashütte-based brand are the flashbulbs of the red carpet and the razzle-dazzle of big-name Hollywood endorsements. This is why, as the brand marks the 200th anniversary of its first foundation (the second foundation coming after the fall of Communism), it is devoting itself to its watches. Look out for the decimal minute repeater version of its digital masterpiece, the Zeitwerk Minute Repeater, inspired by the digital readout of the famous Five-Minute Clock at the opera house in Dresden.

2 AUDEMARS PIGUET

Audemars Piguet has remained loyal to Michael Schumacher, and earlier this year the Schumacher family paid the Le Brassus brand the compliment of allowing it to announce the Royal Oak Concept Laptimer Michael Schumacher at the family home. This is the fourth AP concept watch since 2002, and it makes one wish the brand would do it more often. The technical brilliance of the AP workshops has created a watch that allows alternating consecutive lap timing and flyback functionality. I have a weakness for clever chronos, and with its pink gold pushers, forged carbon case (an AP signature) and openworked dial, it is as good-looking as it is smart.

3 BAUME & MERCIER

When a car as iconic and gorgeous as the 427 Shelby Cobra serves as the inspiration for a timepiece, it's sure to be a smashing success. The Capeland Shelby Cobra features several cues to the roadster - considered the world's first hypercar - such as double racing stripes on the

dial, a three-chrono counter modelled after those found in the car's dashboard and a Cobra logo on the end of the central-mounted chrono hand. While the steel version retails for \$4,450, the 18-carat red gold version costs nearly four times as much, but is a sweat deal nonetheless because you get the chance to take the Cobra for a spin at the Spring Mountain Race Track in Las Vegas.

4 BELL & ROSS

B&R has been around for over 20 years, but its circle-dial-in-a-square-case design, launched only a decade ago, has since become the brand's signature. The BR-01 10th Anniversary looks very much like the original, and doesn't have any unnecessary complications, or use fancy materials – just a ceramic case and rubber straps. A reminder that good, clean, simple design never really goes out of style.

5 BLANCPAIN

Last year I had the pleasure of meeting Jean-Jacques Fiechter, the man who invented the Blancpain Fifty Fathoms, which vies with the Rolex Submariner for the title of most emblematic dive watch. But Blancpain is a multi-faceted brand, and another of those facets is an obsession with the carrousel, a late 19th century answer to the tourbillon. Thanks to Blancpain you can enjoy a flying tourbillon and a flying carrousel at the same time in L-Evolution Tourbillon Carrousel, whose Calibre 2322V2 is housed in an elegant brushed platinum case.

6 BREGUET

The brand that bears the name of arguably the greatest watchmaker of all time has, under the leadership of Marc Hayek, become a powerhouse of innovation just as it was in its founder's day a couple of centuries ago. However, as a traditionalist, I find myself drawn to the stripped-down aesthetic of its Tradition line, which I have loved since its introduction in 2005. With movement architecture inspired by the 18th and early 19th centuries, the Tradition collection has what I am sure Breguet does not refer to as a steampunk spirit about it. The tenth birthday of the range was marked in proper Breguet style with the **Tradition Minute Repeater Tourbillon**.

7 BREITLING

I was surprised and intrigued to find that Breitling was entering the smartwatch market with the **B55 Connected**. Last year it unveiled the Calibre B50 – an electronic multifunction chrono and even though I am a mechanical snob, I accept that Breitling would not be Breitling without electronic watches. Its Aerospace was an aviation classic and the Emergency timepiece with an in-built distress beacon is now in its second generation. With the B55, a dedicated app enables the wearer to make time changes, set alarms and log data generated by the watch with greater ease from one's smartphone. However, the brand has been careful to make it clear that the B55 is the dominant partner in this watch-phone marriage, stressing that the smartphone is "in the service" of the chronograph.

8 BVLGARI

After years of less-thaninspiring timepieces - I never could get my head around the curve-ended, straight-sided Assioma - Bvlgari is now on a winning streak. Last year there was the drop-dead gorgeous ultra-thin Octo, and this year sees the return of the Scuba. The previous edition of the Diagono Scuba was a truly chic diving watch and the new one is just the sort of thing that you might wear while summering at Forte dei Marmi or Porto Ercole. It also confirms Bvlgari's Fabrizio Buonamassa as a designer with a light touch, who knows when to create an icon, as he did last year with the Octo Finissimo, and when to refresh an existing one, as he does this year with the Scuba. Forza Bvlgari! Forza Buonamassa! As I believe they say on the Via Condotti.













18 FRANCK MULLER

The Vanguard Gravity is exactly the kind of timepiece you'd expect from this brand. FM doesn't do diminutive (even the names of its watches are supersized - think Giga Tourbillon). It's all big, bold and badass. If the large bending-backwards convex crystal doesn't grab your attention, the exceptionally large tri-axial tourbillon that dominates the lower half of the dial certainly will.

19 FRÉDÉRIQUE CONSTANT

The Horological Smartwatch was this brand's big talking point this year. But Frédérique isn't about to completely trade in the hard-earned equity it's earned for itself in the mechanical watchmaking universe, and it shows in timepieces like the Manufacture Worldtime. The watch not only features an in-house movement that's capped with a blue dial featuring a stunning grey anthracite world map, it'll also set you back less than \$5,000. Certainly bang for your buck.

20 GIRARD-PERREGAUX

One of GP's signature models is the straight-sided 1945 timepiece, and the most elementary mathematics allows one to deduce that this case shape now celebrates its 70th birthday. As it hits its eighth decade, it remains as popular as ever. This year's anniversary edition, the Vintage 1945 Tourbillon with Three Gold Bridges, is contemporary as well as classic in equal parts.

21 GREUBEL FORSEY

The "cheapest" GF costs \$320,000. So a \$560,000 price tag on the **GMT** isn't that ludicrous. The seductive ticker has a titanium case that weighs half as much as the platinum one on last year's edition. Only 22 of these timepieces will be produced.

22 GUCCI

Gucci's first dive watch, kitted out with an automatic Girard-Perregaux mechanical movement, debuted in 2013 to much praise. It was a sincere effort by a storied fashion house looking to break into the haute horology market. Building on that timeniece is this year's Gucci Dive Quartz collection. with eight variants in sizes from 32mm to 45mm, several dial colours and straps that range from metal to rubber and fabrics. In other news, at Baselworld this year, Will.i.am and Gucci also announced they would be co-creating a smartwatch for 2016

23 HARRY WINSTON

The Histoire de Tourbillon 6 is ridiculously complicated. The 683 components, seven hands, two timezone indicators and four displays are held together in an oversized white gold case with two crowns. The price for this piece of mechanical wizardry? \$7,68,000.

24 HERMÈS

Hermès makes some of the world's most beautiful watch dials. Sometimes, it works with renowned figures within the industry – for instance, enamellist Anita Porchet interpreted some of the house's equestrian motifs a few years ago. Then there are the colourful glass dials inspired by the polychromatic crystal paperweights of Saint Louis, the venerable Cristallerie in the heart of France. This year the star turn was by a Japanese miniature artist called Maitre Buzan - a man who painted an intricate scene of charming whimsy on the Slim d'Hermès Koma Kurabe wristwatch in the sort of detail that requires a loupe to truly appreciate.

25 HUBLOT

Mirabile dictu, it is a decade since Jean-Claude Biver breathed life into a dying brand that few people outside of the Spanish-speaking markets paid any attention to. Today, Hublot is the go-to choice for big sporty timepieces for large (often larger-than-life) characters. And since the explosion of Big Bang a decade ago, the watchscape has never been quite the same. Hublot has come a long way in

that time: It developed the UNICO movement, an in-house calibre that replaced the externally sourced movements used in its Big Bang collection. But it is the innovative and daring use of materials that sets Hublot apart, not least its "Magic" gold, a scratch-resistant version of the precious metal. And to celebrate the Big Bang's tenth birthday, Hublot has packaged these two signatures in one watch: the Big Bang UNICO Full Magic Gold.

26 IWC

How do you spell Portuguese with just three letters? Answer: IWC. The Portuguese is the watch that relaunched the Schaffhausen brand in 1993, with its restrained design, large legible dial and narrow bezel. But its roots go back to the late Thirties when the Portuguese market requested a wristwatch with the precision of a marine chronometer, and the International Watch Company responded by fitting its Calibre 74, a movement dedicated to hunter-cased pocketwatches, into a wrist-worn case. This year, IWC refreshed the range and the star was the **Portugieser**

Annual Calendar.





27 1/ 1,50,111 1501111

7 JAEGER-LECOULTRE

Next year is the 85th anniversary of the Reverso, so Jaeger can be excused for shifting the focus away from it this year and to its Master Series of round watches with the Master Calendar, which shows day, date, month and moonphase, with the added celestial reference of a meteorite dial. Indeed, the Le Sentier brand had its eyes on the skies in 2015, as shown by the breathtakingly beautiful Atmos Marqueterie Celeste – a truly heavenly (forgive the pun) take on Jaeger's famous airpressure powered clock.

28 JAQUET DROZ

Jaquet Droz has created a niche for itself as the creator of stunning mechanical objects – a box that replicates its owner's signature and a watch featuring a bird that moves and sings. There is nobody else currently doing anything quite like it. And then, just when you were expecting some new mechanical flight of imagination, the brand comes out with a watch as stylishly understated as the **Grande Seconde Deadbeat**, which as the name suggests features a deadbeat seconds hand at the centre of a regulator style dial.

29 LONGINES

Back in the Forties and Fifties, the world's finest mechanical chronos were being made by Patek Philippe and, hold your breath, Longines. While waiting for a Longines chrono from that era to come up for auction (a bargain compared to a Patek) may take a while, the brand's revived some of those legacy pieces by way of its Heritage Collection, This year's Heritage Pulsometer Chronograph has oldschool Breguet hour-andminute hands, a railroad minute track, a buffed 40mm stainless steel case and an alligator leather strap. So whether you're in surgical scrubs or a Tom Ford suit, you'll still look the business.

30 LOUIS VUITTON

Functionally, a minute repeater invented to sound time in the dark in the 18th century is now redundant. But it's still a fascinating, toughto-master horological complication. With a single glance at the Escale Worldtime Minute Repeater, you'll be able to tell the time in any of the 24 cities whose names are hand-painted on the dial. Activate the minute repeater and it'll chime the time in your home city, where you'd always rather be.

31 MONTBLANC

Recently, Montblanc acquired storied manufacture Minerva in Villeret. And one of the finest products of that smart acquisition is this year's Heritage Chronométrie ExoTourbillon Minute Chronograph Vasco da Gama Limited Edition 60. The aventurine dial represents the night sky that the explorer consulted when he navigated the high seas from Europe to Asia. At 12 is a diamond cut in the shape of the brand's emblem. Only 60 pieces will be made – a nod to the number of men aboard the São Gabriel that successfully made the voyage to India.

32 OMEGA

It is of course the cinematic event of the year. Expectation surrounding the release of *Spectre* has been stoked by the handsome **Seamaster Aqua Terra 150M James Bond Limited Edition**, which features such clever little touches as a dial inspired by the Bond family coat of arms and an oscillating weight that resembles the corkscrew-like rifling of a gun barrel – an image without which no Bond film is complete. Even the anti-magnetic attributes of the movement have been given 00 status, with a line in yellow on the dial announcing that it's resistant to magnetic fields exceeding 15,007 Gauss.

33 **ORIS**

It's all very well to manufacture dive watches capable of surviving depths of 300m or more. But frankly, recreational divers don't venture beyond 30m. Professionals generally attempt a maximum of three times that depth. Which is why you'll notice that the



Diver's Sixty Five, a backto-the-basics reissue of a similar timepiece from 1965, is, like the original, rated to a depth of 100m. That's not Oris being archaic – just sensible. Other Swiss manufacturers could do with some of this rationale, too.

34 PANERA

This military watch brand is usually at pains to stress its history of naval derring-do, but it should be encouraged to get in touch with its artistic side more often, as it has done with this year's special limited edition Radiomir Firenze 3 Days Acciaio, designed to celebrate the opening of its new shop in Florence. An exquisite piece of work, with highly attractive engraving, the timepiece incorporates the Florentine fleur-de-lys on the side of the famous cushion case, with a touch of late Gothic/early Renaissance Florence. While not directly relevant to the brand's heritage as a supplier of military equipment, it should be remembered that in a medieval Italy riven by the Guelph-Ghibelline fault line, the city-states were often at war with each other.

35 PARMIGIANI

Michel Parmigiani is a watch restorer-turned-eponymous watchmaker. It makes sense then that the stunning **Ovale**Pantographe is inspired by an oblong gold 1800 Vardon & Stedman pocketwatch he restored in 1997. The telescopic hour-and-minute hands stretch to indicate the time at 6 and 12 o'clock, and contract when they sweep across 3 and 9 o'clock. Each hand is made from six individual pieces of titanium, cut to a diameter of less than 1/20th that of a human hair. This is precision watchmaking at its finest.



36 PATEK PHILIPPE

At Baselworld this year, the most sizzling of hot conversational topics was the Patek ref 5524, otherwise known as the Patek Pilot or, to use the official wording, the Calatrava Pilot Travel Time. The second timezone indicator is operated via two lockable pushers at 10 and at 8 to advance or retard the time. Pilot watches are at the heart of what IWC and Breitling do: big, easy to read and with the sort of crown you can operate while wearing flying gauntlets. They are not what you expect from Patek – until this year, when the storied Geneva marque spread its wings, so to speak, and showed that it could out-Biggles the best of them.

37 PERRELET

This was the eponymous brand that invented the automatic movement nearly 240 years ago. The Turbine collection improvises on that indigenous self-winding rotor mechanism, taking it out from the back of its watches and shifting it dial-side. Perrelet also experimented beautifully with imaginative art on the dials of that collection, including everything from erotic Japanese anime to a roulette table. This year's **Turbine**Skeleton does away with a dial altogether, putting the focus back on the automatic movement – the brand's biggest strength.

38 PIAGET

Piaget is ideally placed to benefit from the shift back towards elegant watchmaking. Its ultraslim 9P movement, introduced in 1957, is a legend, and powers not just Piaget's own watches but plenty of other size-zero timepieces too. Last year, the brand launched what it triumphantly billed as the world's thinnest mechanical watch - so thin it almost disappears when you look at it side on. This year's novelty, the Altiplano Chronograph, added a complication to that timepeice.

39 RADO

The brand has dedicated itself to innovating with ceramic, which it introduced to the watchmaking industry in the Eighties. This year's Hyperchrome Si3N4 (silicon nitride if you were paying attention in your high school chemistry class) uses a grade of ultra-light hardwearing ceramic that's similar to the one used in F1 turbochargers. The design on the dial is a nod to the air intakes of those mighty grade this one an A+.

40 RAYMOND WEIL

The Genevan watchmaker made a bold move this year by launching a \$40,000 Nabucco Cello Tourbillon timepiece - eight times more expensive than anything it's ever created. To reinforce the ownerfamily's affiliation to music, the bridges of the tourbillon are shaped like a cello f-hole. The grooves on the bezel represent a musical staff, while the hands on the dial are modelled after a bow. To Elie Berheim, the brand's young and enterprising CEO, we say play on.

41 RICHARD MILLE

I cannot help but admire Richard Mille. I was fortunate enough to be introduced to him before he became a horological rockstar and so have been privileged to witness the birth and rise of a genuine phenomenon who changed the way watches are made and worn. The Mille look is *sui generis*; take for instance the new **RM 27-02 Tourbillon Rafael Nadal** he made for his tennis champ friend. The former timepieces Mille has made for Nadal over the years have been showcases for innovation, and this most recent one is no exception. It features techniques and materials so new the brand has to invent the names. Thus the latest Nadal watch features a "unibody" construction that fuses the caseband baseplate and uses TPT Quartz and NTPT Carbon to craft a case that gives the impression of Damascus steel

42 ROGER DUBUIS

A tourbillon is a marvellous technical accomplishment, and an enchanting complication to behold on your wrist - when done right. RD's new hollowed-out 45mm Excalibur Spider Skeleton Flying Tourbillon has plenty of breathing space in its skeletal architecture, allowing you to focus on the hero complication of the Geneva Seal-certified watch.

43 ROLE

The Yacht-Master 40 on the rubber bracelet was one of the stars of this year's Basel. Although Rolex being Rolex, this was no ordinary rubber strap but an "Oysterflex" bracelet - the inner titanium and nickel blade over-moulded with elastomer. Moreover, it boasts a patented cushion system of little rubber fins on the inside of the strap. Elsewhere, work continues on the Day-Date franchise, and following the runaway success of the coloured dial retro-style 36mm Day-Dates of Baselworld 2013, a new 40mm Day-Date debuted this year. The cult continues to flourish with auctioneer Aurel Bacs sprinkling his magic over a Phillips themed auction dedicated to the model.

44 ROMAIN JEROME

From RJ's Titanic-DNA, which uses fragments from its namesake to its quirky PAC-MAN watches, the Swiss watchmaker is anything but conventional. This year's **Subcraft** is an avant-garde mechanical machine on your wrist. Don't mistake the brand's young CEO Manuel Emch as someone who lacks focus (this former CEO of Jaquet Droz grew that business from 500,000 CHF to 30 million CHF). At RJ, he understands that there's value in shaking things up on all fronts – technical and aesthetic.



















TIME OUT

Bienne-based La Montre Hermès is stepping up its horological game, one complication at a time



ermès stepped into the world of haute horology in 1928. At the time, it created co-branded wristwatches and retailed them exclusively out

of its 24, Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré store in Paris. The French powerhouse would craft the straps and cases for the timepieces, but left the movements to the venerable watchmaking houses it collaborated with. (Insider tip: If you chance upon an Hermès-Universal Genève – UG was considered the Patek Philippe of its era – chrono from the Forties, hang on to it. These watches are hot on the vintage auction market, and their value's guaranteed to keep moving north.)

Hermès has come a long way since those days. In 1978, it built a dedicated watchmaking division, called La Montre Hermès, in the heart of watchmaking territory in Bienne, Switzerland. Yet it's only within the last decade that the brand has gone all out to prove its horological prowess, picking up equity in ace mechanical movement maker Vaucher, casemaker Joseph Erard and dial maker Natéber - all pedigreed Swiss manufacturers.

You'll notice a happy contradiction in its present range of watches: playful innovations (think on-demand suspension of time in the Le Temps Suspendu) and high complications like the \$172,000 Arceau Lift Flying Tourbillon. This year's Slim d'Hermès collection – featuring a range of ultra-thin movements, including a perpetual calendar, all of which have been created in-house - is a further endorsement of its maturity as a haute horologist

We caught up with the Managing Director of La Montre Hermès Guillaume de Seynes on the sidelines of Baselworld, to find out where the brand's headed.

Tell us about the new Slim d'Hermès collection.

We have a workshop just outside Paris called the Conservatory of Hermès Creations. It's where we keep records of everything we've ever created. That includes, of course, many fantastic old saddles and bags, but also guite a few watches from the Thirties and Forties. My cousin Pierre-Alexis Dumas, our artistic director, found a really slim vintage reference that Hermès had once created. At around the same time, our partner Vaucher was already developing an ultra-thin movement, and so

the idea to create this year's novelty arose. Also, for the first time, we've collaborated with a graphic artist [Philippe Apeloig] to create the typography on the dial. Just like with our best-seller Arceau, or the Dressage and Cape Cod, we believe the original style of the numbers gives a watch so much personality.

How important is the watchmaking business for Hermès?

Watches - men's and women's combined

- make up approximately five per cent of Hermes' total business, which can seem relatively low. But they are one of the few products also sold outside of Hermès stores. Watches, especially our quartz ones, are priced lower than our bags, for example, which are also more difficult to find around the world. Our timepieces act as an entry into the universe of Hermès.

Are you aiming to recreate the cult status of Hermès' famous Birkin bag with your watches?

I could only dream that the Slim d'Hermès reaches the same status of the Birkin bag! But we did have a similar phenomenon when we launched the Cape Cod Double Tour watch. We hadn't anticipated how successful it would be. We couldn't meet demand, and had a waiting list too. I had people calling me to get one.

And how do you decide who gets ahead on the list?

[Laughs] I'm not the only one who decides that! I get requests almost everyday. Sometimes I can help. But often I have to try and limit the enthusiasm of my friends.

What's the biggest mistake a family-run business can make?

Fighting among each other - it can lead to the end. We had that fight with LVMH, but luckily the entire family came together and agreed on the idea that we had to keep control. We are now in our sixth generation. And I think it's key to have a family member as CEO. That allows us to operate with long-term perspective, consistency and coherence.

How do you sell luxury in a tough 6 economic climate?

We don't sell luxury, we sell quality. It's completely different. My grandfather used to say a luxury object is something you can repair. And that's especially true of our leather goods - even if you come back after 20, 30 or 40 years with a bag, we'll be able to change the handle, or the side, and a new life begins for the object.

What are Hermès' plans for India? India is a complicated matter because it's a protected market. I think having our store in Mumbai, in a historical building, was good for the image of the brand. And we certainly believe there's room for a greater presence of our watches in India

Does the smartwatch really stand a chance?

Who knows? Personally, I'm not tempted and not interested. But maybe next year I may find that I was completely wrong.

And will Hermès ever consider making one?

No. I don't think so. 🚳



Travel · Lifestyle · Business

Love 15 Forever

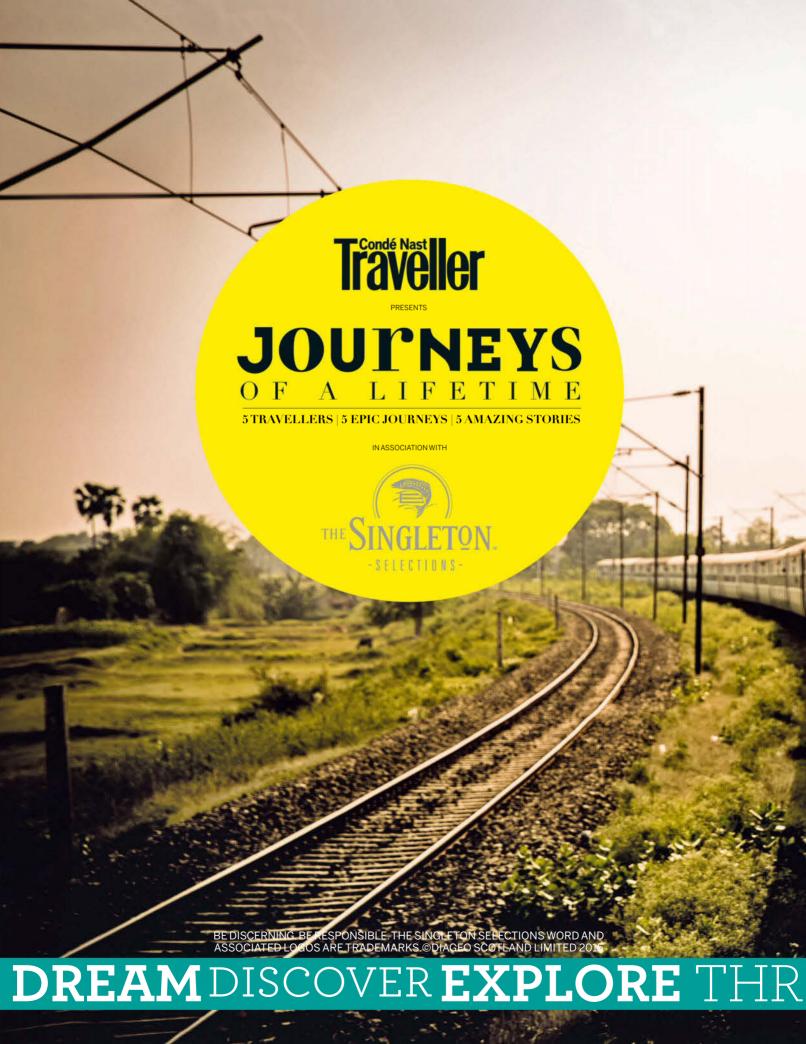


Samsonte Lie sang bong



Lie Sang Bong, who is often referred to as the "Korean McQueen", is the Korea's most famous fashion designer. His mastery of voluminous and geometric shapes and his unique use of pleats is the perfect match for Samsonite's Cosmolite suitcase, which is instantly recognized by its pleated shell design.

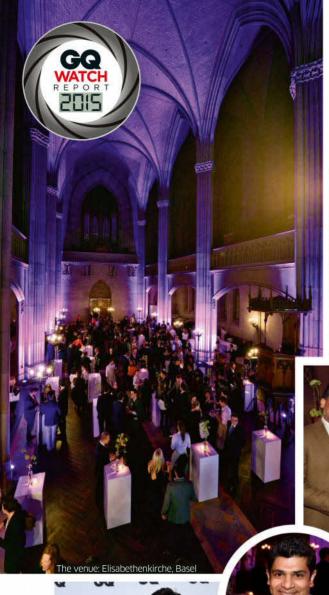
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TRENDS FROM THE BIGGEST DESIGN FAIR



JULY - AUGUST ISSUE. ON STANDS NOW







in the basement of a skyscraper with the longest bar in the country (or so they claim).

Why you must visit:

An underground techno scene in Singapore? Yes, it's happening. Kyo has an incredible stock of saké and a great lineup of international DJs, courtesy ex-DJ and co-owner Godwin Pereira. He knows not only who to get to run the console but also how to spoil them silly. "There are carpets, an excellent machine, space to move about - I relished playing at Kyo," says Vagale. You know you're in for a good night if your DJ is happy.

SISYPHOS

What to expect: The

Where: Berlin, Germany

unexpected - a tenfoot teddy bear in a corner, jugglers, fairies traipsing around, a makeshift beach... basically, Alice's Wonderland on LSD. Why you must visit: The party starts on Thursday night and continues non-stop until Monday morning. "Berlin's the party capital of the world because no one has a iob and beer is cheaper than water. I'm kidding! But this place leaves you speechless," says Vagale. Might as well

BIJOU

Where: Boston. Massachusetts What to expect: A club set in a heritage building - an 1880s theatre - with minimalist design and

a brilliant line-up. Why you must visit: Smaller cities, says Vagale, seem to have the warmest, most enthusiastic crowds. That's basically why Bijou has been on the radar for most big tech-house DJs like Boris, Sam Feldt and John Digweed. If you prefer dancing like a maniac over bottle-service, this is your heaven.



Where: Toronto, Canada What to expect: A classic dark space. a huge dance floor and LED light strips tripping on the ceiling to the beat.

Why you must visit: "Canada has the best club scene on the planet right now. And Coda is the mecca for an exceptionally educated, party-loving crowd," says Vagale. The new avatar of Footwork (last decade's nerve centre for techno), Coda has retained its following. For such a cold country, it can get pretty hot and sweaty in here.

5 **STEAM**

Where: Miami. Florida

What to expect: A small square room with a tiny bar and a lot of red light.

Why you must visit: "Miami's got a reputation for having a rather shallow crowd that likes to go to places only to be spotted," says Vagale. Steam is where you come for no-frills, serious dancing. When you spot those girls jiving with skeletons and gyrating on poles, you'll know what that means.



shut up and dance.

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The wildlings

Meet Arsh Sharma and Srijan Mahajan, a pair of distortion-loving, sarcasm-spewing, non-conformist boys from Delhi. They don't like bow ties, suspenders or even you - if you don't have a sense of humour

he band

Mahajan: "We're a pair of deluded black T-shirt boys who've played rock music most of our lives and decided to jump on the electronic music bandwagon before it became cool."

The name

Refers to a shared love for fuzz and other bad sound effects - not an advertisement for body hair-loving cliques.

The sound

Sharma: "Rock-influenced electronica." Mahajan: "Face-melting, lip-smacking, loud noise."

Best known for

Their debut album No. - eight racy tracks with titles like "Raw Eggs" and "Wolf In Sheep's Clothing", which released in May.

Origins

Mahajan: "We've known each other since we were three – spat in each other's food, chased and hit each other with rocks, basically embarrassed each other every chance we got. Making music is the least objectionable thing we could do together."

Inspirations and influences

Sharma: "Nine Inch Nails, Deftones and Radiohead."

Mahajan: "Rick Rubin, Harry Houdini and Nikola Tesla - basically people who've

done weird things and stuck to them, regardless of the consequences."

Craziest gig

Sharma: "At Kingdom of Dreams in Gurgaon, where we played to a massive 'uncle-aunty' audience. By the end, there were about 70 people who'd climbed atop the stage and were doing dance-offs."

Favourite performance spaces

Sharma: "Intimate venues like The Humming Tree in Bangalore or High Spirits in Pune."

Style statement

Sharma: "None. I own seven black shirts, two pairs of jeans and a few pairs of shoes. Simple and minimalist – that's how I like it."

Mahajan: "You'll find me in weird graphic tees, jeans and All Stars, gig or no gig."

Fun fact

Sharma also shills for alt-rockers The Circus; Mahajan also plays with veteran bands Half Step Down, Parikrama and Cyanide.

On the wishlist

Mahajan: "Playing at Royal Albert Hall, flying there in a private jet with Victoria's Secret Angels and, having done that, buying and retiring at 2451 Laurel Canyon Boulevard, Los Angeles [otherwise known as The Mansion]."

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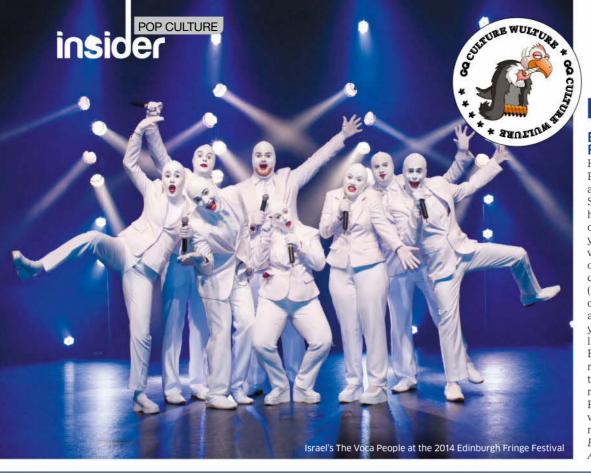


Conceptualized & Produced by









EVENT

Edinburgh Fringe Festival

Head over to wild, beautiful Embra for a culture fix unlike any other in the world. The Scottish capital is once again heaving with actors, singers, dancers and comedians. This year, it's breaking records, with 50,000 performances by over 3.300 acts from almost 50 countries, held at 300 venues (including the top of a doubledecker bus and a curry bar) across the city. So whether you're keen on festival staples like the kinky/funny The Lady Boys of Bangkok, circuses reinvented by an Australian troupe called Circa, or just reminiscing with cricketer Freddie Flintoff, Scotland's where it's at. Kilts not mandatory. Edinburgh Fringe is on from August 7-31

MUSIC



KISS bassist Gene Simmons knows nothing. When he declared rock dead last year, he clearly wasn't taking into account the hard-working metallers who're in it for the art and don't seem to care too much about album sales. This month alone 36 new rock records will hit iTunes (and music stores, remember those?) - some from bands who've been raging since the last millennium, spandex and skull tattoos intact. Join these five veteran metal acts as they try to out-riff and out-growl each other about their misery. Angst really doesn't go out of style.

> SOULFLY

Years active: 18 Album count: 10 New record: Archangel

Super-angsty song: "Jumpdafuckup/Eye For An Eye"

Drops: August 14



> PAYABLE ON DEATH

Years active: 23 Album count: 10 New record: The Awakening Super-angsty song: "Somebody's Trying To Drops: August 21



> LVNCH MOR Years active: 26 Album count: 8 New record: Rebel Super-angsty song: "Kingdom Of Slaves" Drops: August 21



> BULLET FOR MY VALENTINE

Years active: 17 Album count: 5 New record: Venom Super-angsty song: "You Want A Battle? (Here's A War)" Drops: August 14



> MOTORHEAD

Years active: 40 Album count: 22 New record: Bad Magic Super-angsty song: "Choking On Your Screams" Drops: August 28

FILM



Fantastic Four Directed by Josh Trank

Teenagers in Hollywood are doing the darndest things. They're selling pot so they can pay for college (Dope), dealing with cancer with better humour than most adults (Me And Earl And The Dying Girl) - and still saving the world. Joining the army of adolescent superheroes are the first mutants Stan Lee ever created, but Mr Fantastic. the Invisible Woman, the Thing and Human Torch are a lot younger than they were last portrayed. Their nemesis? An anti-social programmer known as "Doom". At least it isn't another pimply Spider-man swinging off skyscrapers to impress some chick.





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Hollywood has given up all pretence at originality, re-gurgitating TV cult goodness from earlier decades – the latest, **The Man From UNCLE**, has gotten the slick Guy Ritchie treatment this month. Here are five other golden oldies that we'd like to see, uh, 'revived'. Just try not to cast Tom Hardy in everything, OK?

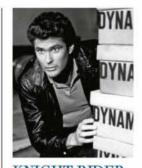
THE SOPRANOS

What it used to be:
Before the Frank
Underwoods and
Walter Whites of today's
non-TV TV, there
was Tony Soprano.
With a job in "waste
management" and lines
like "cunnilingus and
psychiatry brought us
here", he was that guy:

You hated him as much as you wanted to be him. **What we want it to be:** A gritty Nolan-esque

crime drama, where
Michael Caine gets
a new job – and tries
an Italian accent. *Oi*Marjone, why hasn't this
happened already?





KNIGHT RIDER

What it used to be:

The Hoff's only attempt at acting, before he decided that galloping on beaches was his true vocation. Vigilante Michael Knight was driven by a sense of revenge – and KITT, an "intelligent" car that usually talked him into running people over.

What we want it to be:

George Miller's next big blowout, where that Pontiac Trans Am is replaced with a sleek BMW i8, fitted with Scarlett Johansson's voice, and has a de-clawed Hugh Jackman in the driver's seat. #whynot

FRASIER

What it used to be:

The smartest sit-com ever made (yes, we called it). Kelsey Grammar plays a shrink with his own radio show, has a fairly dysfunctional family and banters about highbrow things like wine and architecture with his brother Niles. Snark is a way of life, and it is all very pleasant.

What we want it to be: Almost exactly the

same – except with Woody Allen. Imagine Emma Stone as Frasier's daughter with Niles schmoozing around the place, waiting for that Freudian slip.



MAGNUM PI

What it used to be:

Tom Selleck aka He With The Famous Moustache living the Eighties dream: A detective with a rent-free beach house in Hawaii, a red Ferrari and friends who own helicopters and clubs – wasn't the 'tache enough?

What we want it to be:

Joe Manganiello playing Magnum - he could do with some manning up after all that synchronized dancing in *Magic Mike XXL*. And Sofia Vergara could be his hot sidekick. Guys don't dream much differently today, really.

THE BIONIC WOMAN

What it used to be:

All about a plastic blonde who wasn't stupid like the Brady Bunch, or artificial like the Mean Girls, but actually the American government's sexiest secret weapon.

What we want it to be:

A cyborg holding down an elephant with her bare hands sounds boring now, doesn't it? We need a serious upgrade in superpowers – hello, Joss Whedon. And a hike in the badass quotient – hello, Lena Headey.









Jaanisaar, but **Pernia Qureshi**'s already got a few titles under her belt: entrepreneur, dancer, stylist, costume designer. The word you're looking for is polymath, and that feeling you have is envy

Photographed by TARUN VISHWA Styled by VIJENDRA BHARDWAJ Written by DAVE BESSELING

he version of the story that you've already heard: successful actress cresting her career arc chooses to diversify – usually the beauty industry. Not posing for ads, but putting her name on stuff. Bottles of perfume, labels in the backs of dresses. Maybe those things, a few more and, if she can pull it off, a clothing line.

What you don't see so much – or ever, really – is someone already well-known in the fashion industry suddenly showing up as a lead in a movie. Or at least no one who's made it work.

And "movie people are very territorial," says first-time actor, long-time several-other-things Pernia Qureshi, between small, pursed sips of green tea. "They think that 'Oh, you're a fashion person, who do you think you are?' You're doing well in your own space, and you should stay there."

Pernia may only be 26, but since returning home to Delhi three years ago after attending George Washington University, she's been on quite a tear, using what she can only call "my instincts" to keep her Kuchipudi practice up to stageready levels while attending to the vulgarities of running her own fashion e-com site, Pernia's Pop-Up Shop, from her hometown hood in Defence Colony. She may look runway-ready whenever you see her, but it's her talent more than that admittedly knee-knocking smile that's taken her to places like the cover of *Condé Nast Traveller*, putting down the Grand Canal in Venice.

"Everything I do has such blurred lines," she says, with a voice that seems too big for her body. "I transition from one thing to the other very easily because I don't really see them as boundaries."

It's not so much shifting careers or nametags, but facets

of one creative personality; it's the muse shifting gears, her footfalls landing on a continuous path. "I didn't do it on purpose," she explains. "I wasn't so rigid with myself, I just didn't want to have one particular career. I'm creative. I get excited about new things, so whenever an opportunity came to do something new in a creative field, I took it."

By the time she finishes her tea, this stylist/designer/dancer suddenly barging into Bollywood with no apologies doesn't seem so odd – and it's not like her dance background didn't come in handy on the *Jaanisaar* set. She's got some rushes on her iPhone to show just how the choreography is offset by the cinematography and it's fantastic stuff. She knows it looks amazing. She knows she looks amazing. But this so-called "style icon" is smart enough to know that those are the sorts of compliments you take, enjoy and then dispel.

"When people start believing that they're icons, or start calling themselves any kind of icon, they're done, they're over."

Confidence isn't exactly lacking with Pernia, but a sizeable chunk of her charm is that her confidence never comes off as arrogance, and by the time she takes you through the story of her first big acting experience, you know that whatever happens with the movie, Pernia the actor will be fine. The only time her expression wavers is when things come back to Bollywood's notorious territoriality. That, combined with pre-release nerves, is the only reflexively defensive tone you're going to get from her.

"'Why are you acting?' Why does anyone do anything? So many actors are brand ambassadors for clothing brands. That's my space and I don't have any issues with that. Why should anyone have an issue with me doing something in film?"

Because you're a credible threat. That's why.









GENTLEMEN'S

At some point, we all have to grow up a bit. For someone like Riyaaz Amlani, one of India's most visible restaurateurs responsible for brands like Smokehouse Deli and Salt Water Cafe, having a baby has curbed a few indulgent perks of the industry, while fast-talking stand-up **Sorabh Pant** is, surprisingly, taking fatherhood rather gracefully. And neither of them seem envious of the exploits of the bachelors: Amit Masurkar - who with his debut feature Sulemani Keeda may be the only young film-maker who could shoot this kind of guerrilla sleeper hit and still get a cameo out of Mahesh Bhatt - and Meiyang Chang, musician, actor, TV host, and the man with the most fawned-over hair in Gentlemen's Club history

Photographed by MANISH MANSINH Interviewed by DAVE BESSELING

[Fade in. Whisky being poured, discussions about two of the gentlemen's new babies...]

... And all these people having kids all at once, you start losing your partying friends to parenthood...

PANT: Well, whether you're very young or very old, you walk around acting like you're drunk anyway, so... **AMLANI:** I have a 10-month-old now, and at some point of time your wife is going to turn into this obsessive woman, and then you can't do shit around your baby. You can't be around with alcohol on your breath, you can't be in the same room when a cigarette is being smoked. And as the baby starts becoming more and more

cognitive, the wife becomes more and more like Godzilla. This isn't being recorded, is it? Ummmm, Sorabh! You recently became

PANT: Well, I wanted a beagle. With a beagle I have to earn X amount of money to feed it, but with a new baby? I have to take care of it, apparently.

AMLANI: It's fun though, isn't it? PANT: Yeah. I was totally like Scrooge when it came to family and love and all that bullshit. But you just get sucked into it. Suddenly you're like, hey, this isn't so bad.



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CHANG: I feel I'm finally in the phase of life where I'm like "Chalo, I should get into a relationship, should get married, should listen to my parents." Will I do any of this, though? I'm not too sure.

> **MASURKAR:** Sorabh's baby is already on Facebook.

PANT: Dude, my sister did that and it is so irritating. I was so – why are you doing this? You're torturing everyone. It's very weird getting a friend request from your own son.

He won't clue in for several

PANT: And I'll be the first one he unfriends. [Laughter]

CHANG: I'm sure your dad follows your Facebook fan page though, right? PANT: I don't think he's a fan. He says I swear too much.

Amit, when your film came out, did you get a lot of crazy Facebook messages? MASURKAR: You mean crazy people? Yeah, like "Can I offer you a film" or "Can I have sex with you" sorts of messages?

AMLANI: I don't think that's so crazy.

MASURKAR: I'm a director, yaar. I think those





kinds of requests come more to comedians and actors.

CHANG: Can we download the movie? **MASURKAR:** Oh yes, it's online. Actually, it has done better online than in the theatres. *[Pauses]* And it's on the torrent sites.

AMLANI: Are you trying to prevent that? **MASURKAR:** It doesn't matter as long as people watch it. Sometimes the reach you create becomes more important than—

PANT: We've all torrented, so— **AMLANI:** Hey, nobody torrents here. **CHANG:** We're gentlemen, not pirates.

[Laughter]

Being that you guys are all seriously into your own corners of the entertainment business, what entertains you?

PANT: As a comedian or a film-maker, your entire job is to capture pop culture, so you want to consume as much material as possible. *It's your homework*.

PANT: Yeah. It's effectively my homework.

MASURKAR: I need to be surprised by something I watch. When I see a movie, I tend to know how it will turn out, so if it ends in a way I didn't imagine it would, that's what I enjoy. The moment we start getting into cliché, I start zoning out.

CHANG: For me, with the kind of time we spend in our respective fields and how jaded







"The most important thing is to somehow keep that child-like enthusiasm..."

we can get at times, the most important thing is to somehow keep that child-like enthusiasm...

What's the secret?

CHANG: Well you know, I set out to be a dentist, and suddenly I got into singing and somebody thought I was good enough to host a TV show and blah blah blah. I do get bored easily, but every time I hit that speedbreaker, somehow something new comes in. I've just been lucky that way.

PANT: Fuck this guy.

[Laughter]

MASURKAR: Did you finish your dentistry? CHANG: I did. You're groomed to be so nice and so considerate, but you should've seen some of our professors. They terrified and terrorized us over those five years. They make you feel worthless. At the end of it, I was like, I have the degree, I have the white coat, but I don't know anything.

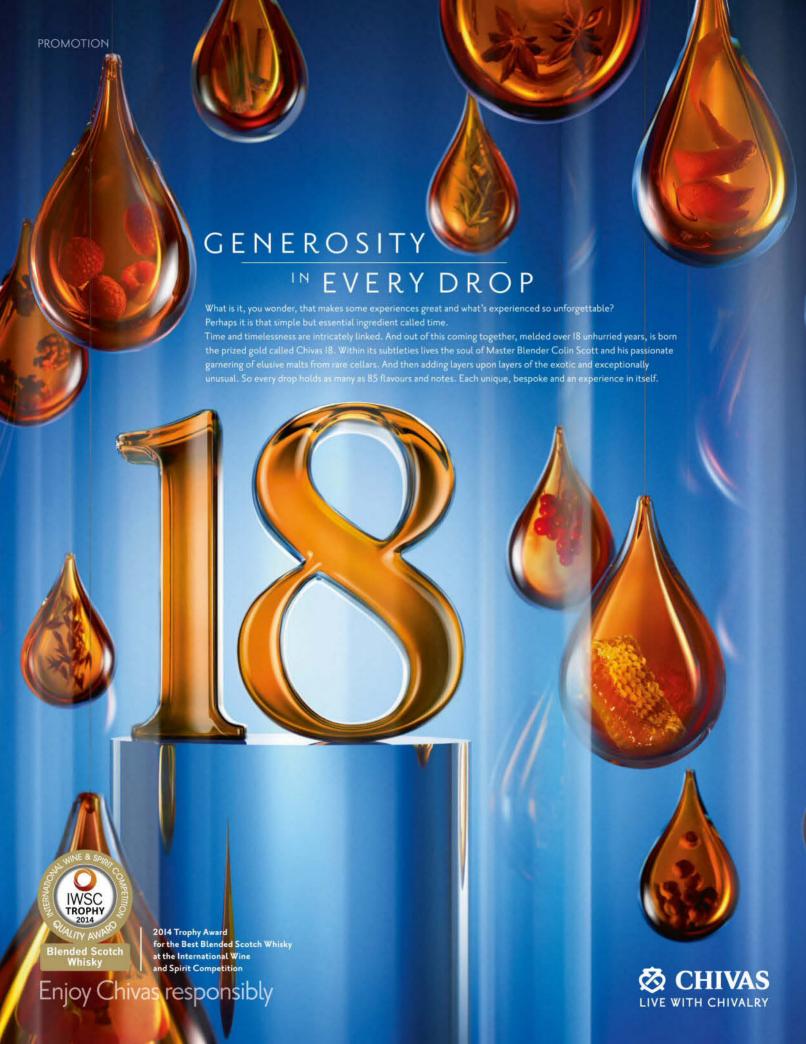
Scary. What else do you find frightening?

AMLANI: You do feel exposed when you're in the restaurant business, because you're at the mercy of many departments and landlords. At any given point of time anything can go wrong. It's very difficult to switch off your phone. Even on a good day some shit is going to happen. There is always this weird state of alertness, you don't allow yourself too much downtime or allow yourself to get too shitfaced, or not until after 1am. It's like, OK, nobody has died, no cops have barged in, nobody's been doing weird drugs. So now I can get shitfaced.

MASURKAR: My biggest fear is to stop getting

inspired, stop getting excited by what I see. So I think the only solution is to travel, and I only do that when I'm working. I need to travel without work sometimes.

PANT: Yeah, I was getting to this point where I was popping into one city to perform and then I'd fly straight out. So recently I decided that wherever I play a gig I'd stay back for a day. I went to Vizag recently and it's a fascinating







city, the entire history of that city is amazing. [More whisky is poured]

What is a hipster?

PANT: Hipster is Bandra, right? All of Bandra is just hipster nation, where everyone's a hipster.

CHANG: Yeah, but what exactly is a hipster?

AMLANI: Delhi is hipster-central right now.

PANT: Delhi is not hipster, Delhi is just wannabe. Delhi needs a people transfusion.

MASURKAR: So a hipster is somebody who was cool before it was cool?

AMLANI: Hipsters were into something before it became cool. That's what a hipster is. The moment something becomes cool, they don't give a shit about it.

MASURKAR: Could a trendsetter also be a hipster?

AMLANI: A trendsetter? No, a hipster would never like a trend.

PANT: So you're calling Amit a hipster,

AMLANI: He could be, he just doesn't have the long hair.

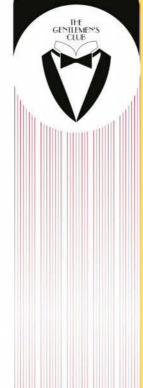
MASURKAR: I don't have the beard and

He doesn't have the artisanal organic peanut butter collection.

PANT: Artisanal peanut butter, such a hipster thing. But you know, Bhagat Singh was a hipster, he wanted freedom before everyone else. I assume you won't publish that.

Do you have any regrets? Aside from agreeing to do this?

CHANG: One regret would be that earlier in my life I misunderstood or





misinterpreted a lot of people. Many of them were very close friends, some of them could have been my life partner. That is a definite regret.

AMLANI: How did that make you feel?

CHANG: Like shit. But it hasn't changed anything. I'm still making the same old mistakes. But it's fun making mistakes.

PANT: When you're in your 20s, it's like you want to make all the wrong decisions.

CHANG: Do we enjoy those wrong decisions, though? We really do. They're the best.

PANT: That's how I got hepatitis.

AMLANI: It's OK, Sorabh. I'll give you the number for my doctor.

MASURKAR: We're getting into serious territory

AMLANI: If you're single, and you also cry a lot, that's a good thing. Women like sensitive men. MASURKAR: Being emotionally available, being in touch with your feminine side...

PANT: I think that's a pick-up line.

[Laughter]

PANT: It's so strange, I don't know if this happens to everyone when they become a dad... Even though it's just been two months, when my kid popped out I was like... It was pretty poetic, guys. **AMLANI:** Did you cry?

PANT: I resisted, but then I was watching that dumb movie, American Sniper, and there's a scene where the chick has a kid and I'm crying, "God, she had a kid!", and two months ago I would have been like "Whatever, congrats, bitch." It makes you a bit more emo than you were before. I don't know if that's the case with you.

AMLANI: I've become a lot happier. Now I cry in movies sometimes, like really bad scenes with background violin scores. And I have a seriously embarrassing number of pictures of my baby on my phone. It's just baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby.

MASURKAR: Now you're sounding like Honey Singh. @



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the century, the intellect might go for a petrolelectric hybrid, the heart a hightech, high-performance sportscar. But the truth is, it's the SUV, A big. philosophically retrograde consumer durable, the SUV is engineered to do things 95 per cent of its buyers wouldn't even contemplate.

Get over it. Everyone has. By 2020, the car industry's futurologists estimate that the global market for these beasts will run to 20 million vehicles. Because they're also highmargin products, and beloved in China and Russia, nobody - including Aston Martin, Bentley and Rolls-Royce - can afford not to do one. Only Ferrari is holding out... For now.

Volvo capitulated back in 2002: its XC90 refashioned the age-old Swedish tank tropes into a modish and successful new format. Busting the standard seven-year industry product cycle by a full six years, the all-new model has set the template for a whole new \$11 billion Volvo adventure - under new (Chinese) ownership, touting an ingenious "scalable" architecture that will underpin a completely reimagined range of cars, none of which will be powered by anything bigger than a 2.0-litre, four-cylinder engine. The Swedes have a long tradition of lateral thought, and they're not about to change now.

the most complete car in the world. The real world, that is, Unless you're obsessed with hanging your car out on the ragged edge at all times, this is a truly sublime place to be. In fact, given the amount of time most of us spend superglued to each other in traffic, one could argue that the interior environment is more relevant than whatever passes for steering feel these days anyway.

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drive

the seats are the best in the business. There's also a third row of them: not quite as commodious, but hardly Guantanamo-uncomfortable either. British sound specialist Bower & Wilkins handles the audio: It, too, is as good as it gets.

The effect all this loveliness has on the end user when the XC90 gets moving is telling. You simply adopt a different mindset. Most car companies have spent the past decade chasing a market-driven sporting Chimera, but Volvo focuses on safety and comfort. That's long been a Swedish USP, but the technology race now means this goes beyond the body's boron-steel safety cage, and into the realms of artificial intelligence. Radar and infrared cameras mean that the car will spot another vehicle, pedestrian or cyclist and brake automatically even if you don't.

You can add adaptive cruise control, lane-keeping assist and a rear collision alert. In fact, at one point, I folded my arms and let the car do its thing. Its lane-keeping tech is spookily accurate, a taste of what's to come when the machines have finally taken over.



Google may have grabbed the headlines for its comical-looking self-driving car, but networking all the XC90's sensors means that the Swedes are much closer to realizing full automation than Silicon Valley. Search engines are one thing, but let's leave the real deal to the experts.

Fortunately, the XC90's new chassis and classy suspension mean that it's extremely refined and so unexpectedly entertaining to drive that you might be tempted to do just that. Very last century. The likely bigseller is the 230hp D5 diesel, which is fast enough to do the job and impressively refined. There's a more amusing 316hp petrol turbo, while the plug-in hybrid T8 uses an electric motor to drive the rear wheels and helps shave the CO₂ emissions down – but the petrol and hybrid variants have yet to come to India. All XC90s use a smooth-shifting eight-speed automatic transmission and an allwheel drive system governed by a multi-plate clutch.

Innovative, intelligent and endearingly left field, you should know that the Volvo XC90 is the SUV it's OK to love.



2015 AUDI Q7 FROM ₹75 LAKH (EXPECTED)

Audi's all-new flagship has shed 325kg. The result: a fit, athletic body that's not bulky. Just how we like our SUVs.



MERCEDES-BENZ GL 350 FROM ₹76 LAKH

For a long time, no one could beat the three-pointed star when it came to space, styling and premium interiors. Volvo has now come close. Your turn. Mercedes.



4





BMW X5 FROM ₹70.9 LAKH

Fire the chauffeur - this one's a driver's SUV. A massive 3-litre V8 generates 560Nm of sheer torque. Enough to crush the competition at the blip of the throttle.



RANGE ROVER EVOQUE 9-SPEED FROM ₹48.7 LAKH

Undoubtedly one of the sexiest urban SUVs, the new Evoque's designed to go flat out. That explains the two extra gears thrown into this beauty.

drive

THE G-FORCE

The **Mercedes G-Class** is nothing like the curvaceous evolved land yachts that we call SUVs these days – and that's really the point



eländewagen. Even the name evokes images of a belligerent, hirsute, teeth-bearing Neanderthal. When the G-Class geländewagen was born in the early Seventies, it was the first to be called an SUV (the German term translates to exactly that). Forty years later, that ubiquitous class of high-riding all-wheel-drive machines is manufactured by every major auto brand in the world, and has somehow caught the fancy of everyone from heads of state to off-road junkies.

Built before the Iranian Revolution on the recommendation of the Shah of Iran (he was a major Mercedes shareholder at the time), the G-Class was initially manufactured only for the German army. As a consequence, it wasn't made to cruise around in but to knock down walls. And talk of "feel" or "feedback" just wasn't relevant for a machine whose steering wheel had to be violently jerked around as it lurched across trenches and between land mines.

In 1979, coincidentally the same year the Shah was overthrown, Mercedes launched the vehicle globally. There were very few modifications from the military-spec'd version. There was no air-con or automatic transmission, and some variants didn't

even have windows. A slightly more luxe version was presented to the Pope the following year – the first "Popemobile" – and was affectionately ordained "Papa G".

Thing is, in the nearly four decades since, the calling card of this automotive anachronism hasn't changed much. Sure, there's fine cross-stitched buttery leather in the interiors, a high-res infotainment screen up front and a genteel automatic transmission. But there's also the stuff you're unlikely to find in any other modernday SUV: oversized grab handles on the dash on the passenger side, a mechanical handbrake and, our favourite bit, chrome switches below the infotainment screen that customize the car's differentials to match the terrain.

Never mind that most civvies (over 30 armies already stock G-Class SUVs around the world) will be more likely to fiddle with the electrically adjustable seats than the car's diffs. But if you need this ride to go over ice, grass or mud, the car can be configured to grip the surface like a leech and power forward like it's on steroids.

The AMG variant of the G63 also offers that customary boost in power. Which means that apart from a few cosmetic changes – like walnut trims being switched up for lighter and tougher carbon fibre –

THE G-CLASS WAS INITIALLY MANUFACTURED FOR THE GERMAN ARMYIT WASN'T MADE TO CRUISE AROUND IN BUT TO KNOCK DOWN WALLS

the biggest mod here is the engine. The V8 544hp fire-breathing monster comes with enough torque (760Nm) to twist a mountain. It can go from 0-100kph in 4.5 seconds, nearly as fast as a Porsche Cayman (0-100kph in 4.1 seconds), even though the sportscar is over a tonne lighter.

But you aren't buying the G-Class to go flat out in a drag race. This is the kind of self-assured ride that appeals to outré tastes and isn't meant to be a people-pleaser. Which also explains why someone like Ranbir Kapoor is a fan. And since it launched in 2013, the G63 AMG has become the highest-selling AMG model in Mercedes-Benz's global and domestic portfolio. (Over 40 per cent of all Mercs sold worldwide are AMGs.)

So how do you make yours stand out? Just shell out ₹30 lakh on top of the SUV's hefty ₹1.9 crore base price for a custom paint job – Solar Beam, Sunset Beam (seen here) or Alien Green. Only one variant of each will be sold in India.

And that, gentlemen, is how you enter a league of one.





INTO THE WILD

WRITTEN BY

ROCHELLE PINTO

HANDCUFF-WIELDING LADYBOYS, NAKED SUSHI-COVERED MODELS, MORE BOOZE THAN YOU'D FIND AT A PUNJABI CLASS REUNION... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WHAT GOES DOWN AT AN INDIAN BACHELOR PARTY IN BANGKOK



PHOTOGRAPHED BY

CHRISTOPHER WISE



It's a hot, hectic Thursday in Bangkok's Sathorn business district. Outside, the streets are buzzing with worker bees halfway through an honest day's labour, while I'm lounging in the air-conditioned Ascott Hotel. As far as journalistic assignments go, this one isn't exactly rocket science: explore Thailand's multimillion-dollar bachelor party industry, reportedly fuelled by a steady stream of raging testosterone from India.

Across the lobby, a group of what looks like Thai college girls, dressed in uniform white T-shirts and blue jeans, are busy painting another layer of make-up onto already porcelain complexions. Because this is Bangkok and everyone looks underage, there's no way to tell whether they've just skipped class or if they're a gang of "party girls": women you call on when a bunch of dudes descend on The Land of Smiles with the sole intention of living out *The Hangover*. Distinguished from prostitutes in that their duties include dancing on tabletops, cheering you on while you clumsily pluck a salmon maki from between a naked model's breasts (a very popular bachelor party service, in case you're wondering), not just sleeping with you. They might, if you've been a gentleman – and came prepared with a stack of about 10,000 baht (approximately ₹19,000).

Three hours later we will be cramped in a mini van together, the girls playing an eardrum-shattering drinking game of Rock, Paper, Scissors while shooting cheap Thai whisky straight out of the bottle.

One of them, wearing a sundress and radiating the nononsense manner of a celebrity handler, comes over to introduce herself. Annie juggles two roles: party girl and business manager – responsibilities she shares with Taan, the seniormost female member of Bangkok Bachelors, a company that provides all the notorious Thai-style hedonism a visiting stag party can handle. At any given event, the only rule is that one of them must remain clothed and sober.

13NPM

Jay is here. Half-British, half-Jamaican, this thoroughbred hustler was kicked out of his London home at age 14-a serendipitous incident he now believes saved him from serving jail time like the rest of his mates. He found his way to Bangkok in 2010, where his hard partying lifestyle went from liability to opportunity, turning him into a fairy godfather for enthusiastic but clueless bachelors in need of a local fixer.

Bangkok Bachelors is his baby, conducting operations in Bangkok, Pattaya, Phuket and Koh Samui, with recent expansions to Hong Kong and Macau. Indian customers account for 160 of the annual 280 bookings, which at \$400 per person per night (the average size of a bachelor party ranges from 6-8 people) means you're looking at \$512,000 cash from the desi market alone. But even this is a conservative figure. No bachelor party ever wraps up in one night, and Jay ensures he makes a cut on everything you touch, from the penthouse apartment you party at to the stretch limo filled with Dom Pérignon and the fakest boobs in Bangkok.

Which isn't to say he doesn't work hard for his money. On any given night, Jay's roles swing from bouncer to wingman to enforcer to pimp, though he admits, "I hate the pimping part."



Whatever the request and whoever the client – he claims he was called in to show One Direction a good time when they played Bangkok – he almost never says no.

But don't expect to go apeshit and have him clean up your mess for you. Even in Asia's Sin City, there are boundaries, blurry as they may be. "Last week, we had a group of Australian rugby players and they were the craziest assholes I've ever seen," says Jay, wiping whisky-infused sweat off his shaved head. "We had a yacht party and they were ripping the furniture up, throwing shit overboard. With guys like that, I have no problem leaving them on the side of the road."

4.00PM

The party bus deposits the juiced-up party girls and me at a beach-facing villa in Pattaya where the "bachelors" await. It's everything you'd expect a 25-year-old medical intern to drop \$1000 a night on: Three storeys tall, pool out front, snooker table taking up most of the living room.

Whispering in first-generation diaspora accents ranging from American to Dubai-returned, the group of nine has employed the safety-in-numbers routine. They cluster nervously around the pool as the girls swarm in and claim the place as their own. Bottle-blonde Labelle makes a beeline for the bar while motormouth Bell challenges the groom-to-be to a game of billiards. The rest of the night's entertainment crew are in the ground-floor bedroom, stripping down to their bikinis in plain sight of the good Indian boys who still can't decide whether to enjoy the view or avert their eyes.

6.30PM

I've landed on the set of *American Pie*, the Gujju remake. Inhibitions drowned in Absolut, the boys are anxious to

prove themselves worthy of the women grinding against them in the pool. One of our homeboys is in baller mode, balancing one gyrating girl on each submerged thigh. A third straddles his shoulders and begins to dry-hump the back of his head to the rhythm of the music.

Inspired, the rest of the boys fan out around the pool like predators on an Animal Planet special, each honing in on one of the party girls, who offer no stronger rebuttal than a giggle and flick of their hair. From my vantage point on the first-floor sundeck, it feels like I'm watching a group of toddlers collectively take their first steps, drool included.

Excusing himself from the pheromone pool below, the groom-to-be joins a breakaway group currently employed in rolling tight little doobs. Why isn't the groom muscling in on the action? He glows with pride: "I'm happy as long as my boys are happy."

His humblebrag is interrupted by our baller seeking group consensus on whether he should take his selected party girl to bed. She's willing, he's able and the stack of condoms on the living room table must be put to some use. Opinions are divided, especially since one of the jury members is still too sober to forget about the guy's girlfriend back in Dubai.

The deliberations take long enough for the party girl in question to stop caring. She's wandered off back to the pool, where the baller will spend the rest of the night trying, unsuccessfully, to win her back.

8.30PM

Shit has officially hit the fan.

One of the bachelors is so plastered he's staggering around tugging on his swim shorts and shouting "Suck my dick." The girls scatter, their annoyed expressions matching those of the boys who don't appreciate their boners being betrayed by one of their own. "Fuck this Malbari, he's ruining it for everybody," the groom's



brother hisses. "Let's just lock him in the bedroom."

Taan marches up to the groom, explaining that "we can't take your friend with us to the walking street.

If he grabs somebody there, especially a ladyboy, we can't protect you." It's a genuine warning – on the walking street in Pattaya, laws are somewhat loosely defined, and the pimp with the gun usually wins the argument.

Teetering through the house in search of a BJ, the drunk idiot has now fallen into the pool.

Group consensus: "We're leaving him."

10.30PM

Jay's supplied ringside seats at Spanky's, a go-go bar he used to co-own. There are bare-breasted Asian women everywhere, thrusting their perky nakedness in our faces, but the boys look like they're being forced to watch a colonoscopy. The Bangkok Bachelors head honcho and professional party-starter decides the tempo has to be turned up – way up. And how do you take a group of eight wimpy Indians and turn them into chest-thumping alpha males?

You make it rain.

The boys climb on to the platform above the stage and shower 100 baht notes on the delighted strippers. There's a palpable spike in confidence levels as the guys return to their seats. They'll need it, because here comes a leather-clad ladyboy in fishnet stockings, dangling handcuffs, which she slaps on to the groom's wrist. Ah, the old ladyboy handcuff trick. She's trying to lick his face. He doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

We head over to Super Pussy, one of Pattaya's infamous ping pong bars, and Jay decides he's going to sit this one out. The boys' lack of energy has numbed him enough to lose interest in watching a stuntwoman shoot ping pong balls out of her lady bits. "Who brings weed to a bachelor party?" he complains. "That's a downer drug, it kills the vibe."

Crap. The designated moral compass of the group has sat down next to me, and immediately launches into a diatribe against the walking street flesh shops and their objectification of women. I want to ask him to stop boring me, but before I say a word, he shrieks in horror. Onstage, the groom's hairy brown ass is now mooning the entire audience, unveiled by a persistent (and far stronger) ladyboy. As his hands struggle to shield his dignity, she spots an opening and makes a dive for his erection,

mouth first.

My companion turns a vivid shade of green. Nothing in his dad's hidden stash of porn DVDs has prepared him for watching his friend get blown by a Thai transvestite. I pat his back, not because I give a fuck, but because these are new shoes and I don't want puke on them.

11.30PM

Jay's managed to extract the groom from the ladyboy's clutches, and guides us to the ostensibly upscale Iron Club, where the bachelors seek a guarantee that none of the women gyrating on stage have anything tucked in. But let's be honest, few of these women would qualify as attractive, either – not in daylight, anyway. Dental braces are the most popular accessory among the dancers, a pre-pubescent vestige that seems at odds with their gravity-defying breasts.

At the Iron Club, the mating ritual is as transactional as it gets: Shiny white bikinis are

flung aside the second one of the boys makes eye contact with a girl on stage, and if you like what you see, you move quickly.

One of the crew, a shy kid with glasses and a scraggly beard, has had about enough of this blue-balling. He remembers Jay's instructions – "If you want to take a girl home, do not ask her yourself. Come to me, and I will talk to the manager for you" – and points to a tall, slim dancer whose knowing smile exposes a set of gnarly teeth straight out of *The Pirates Of The Caribbean* prosthetics department.

The maternal-looking club manager rushes over, account book in hand, and shy boy counts 6,000 baht into her open palm. "That's it? Now she comes back to the villa with me?" he asks incredulously, unable to believe he's getting laid as easily as if he were ordering a round of Jaegerbombs at a Mumbai bar.

"That's it," Jay replies.

As we watch shy boy leave, I notice his shoulders have straightened, his head's lifted a few notches higher, as he slips an arm around his companion's miniscule waist. He seems oblivious to the bad skin, the crooked teeth or the fact that her interest in him comes with a price tag.

And his mates actually look jealous, as if he's just walked off with the prettiest girl in town.

What is it about men and Asian women, I ask Jay.

"Tight pussies," he replies. "There's nothing better you can do for a man than to make him feel big. And Indian men definitely need that." @



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HOW TO MAKE A \$2- MILLION TIMEPIECE DISAPPEAR For a few seconds, this man – a man he had just met – had taken something worth over two million dollars from him. The idea made him feel sick.

The magician sat crossed-legged on the couch, completely at ease now. He didn't look like much: a young man in a white tuxedo, a duck-egg blue shirt open at the collar to show off a gold medallion; handsome and



stylishly unshaven, the usual sort of upstart who charmed his way into Eduardo's parties, hungry for new angles, new women. But Eduardo had never seen one quite like him. He had an intriguing stillness. The stories going around of a visiting magician with an exceptional talent had been true. It was like being with the devil.

Eduardo proffered some bourbon but the magician shook his head. Eduardo thought of the man's dark smile as he'd held up the watch; in that moment he had owned not just the watch, but Eduardo's pride.

"How did you do you that?" asked Eduardo, keeping his voice light. He poured himself a stiff one.

The magician smiled. "It's a secret."

"I don't believe it is physically possible to remove this watch from my wrist and put it on your own in such a short time, without my noticing," Eduardo said, settling in an armchair.

The magician shrugged.

"I want you to show me how you did that." His tone suggested it was not a request.

"Come, you're neglecting your other guests," laughed the magician, waving at the crowd gathered around the pool on the other side of the tinted glass.

"There is always a party at my house," said Eduardo. "Even when I am not here. Now, show me."

The magician's face clouded over. "Señor, don't ask me that," he said. "This is my life's work, my livelihood. It's sacred."

"I will pay you fifty thousand dollars." Eduardo's watch softly sung the four notes of its hourly Westminster chime. It was midnight.

"Thank you señor, but I do not have time. I have a show in Cascavel tomorrow."

The magician stood up as if to go, but Eduardo knew the sound of a man about to sell.

"Show me now, tonight, and you can take my car to Cascavel with fifty thousand dollars in cash. And I will swear never to share our secret."

The magician paused. "Fifty thousand, and the car?"

"An Aston Martin DB9. It's yours."

The magician shook his head and laughed. "It's a deal," he said. They shook hands.

"Look into my eyes," said the magician. Instantly, Eduardo's watch was gone. Once again, it had appeared on the magician's wrist.

"How?!" cried Eduardo in amazement.



EDUARDO GLANCED AT THE MAGICIAN'S RIGHT WRIST. THERE WAS HIS MAGNIFICENT MULLER, ITS FACE ARRAYED WITH DIALS LIKE A MINIATURE AIRPLANE COCKPIT... HOW COULD THE MIND BE FOOLED IN SUCH DETAIL?

A beat passed, and the magician put the watch back on Eduardo's wrist with a stroke of his hand.

The magician raised his hands, now empty. "It's hypnosis. The watch never leaves your wrist. You simply believe it does." Eduardo shook his head,

stunned. "I'm not so weak-minded."

"That is your pride, señor. It is human nature to be bequiled by a certain gesture, a touch, a gaze, the sound of a voice."

"So you can't perform the trick physically?"

"That would be extremely difficult. The use of trance makes a far more powerful illusion. However, it's short-lived. Even if I did not place the watch back on your wrist, it would still reappear after a short while. To maintain the illusion, I must appear to put it back before it does."

"How long does the illusion last?"

"It depends on the person and the depth of the trance. A simple trance breaks after a minute, at most,"

"Show me"

Once again, they shook hands and the watch left Eduardo's wrist. This time, the magician did not perform the act of returning the watch. Instead, he counted the seconds as Eduardo's anxious eyes searched his bare wrist, looking for an invisible watch. He glanced at the magician's right wrist. There was his magnificent Muller, its face arrayed with dials like a miniature airplane cockpit,

resting on the man's knee. How could the mind be fooled in such detail?

But then he blinked, Suddenly, the magician's tanned wrist was bare, and the heavy white gold and alligator skin gripped his own once more. Eduardo laughed.

"A mere thirty seconds," nodded the magician. "Now you know."

"Teach me how to put someone into a trance," demanded Eduardo.

The magician demurred. "It's an art. It takes years of study. Our agreement was just to show you the trick, and I have."

"No. vou have not." said Eduardo. frustrated. "I'm not paying for half a trick."

The magician looked wounded. "Señor, I must protest. I have revealed one of my greatest secrets to you."

"You are a magician, but no businessman. No money. No car."

The magician became furious. He stood up and straightened his jacket. "If anyone has played a trick tonight, señor, it is you. I bid you good night." And with that he strode with dignity to the door.

The magician had just placed his right hand on the doorknob when the four Westminster chimes played from some invisible point on his wrist.

He turned and squinted at Eduardo.

Confused, Eduardo looked once more at his beloved Muller. It read one o'clock. But for some reason, the sound of the chimes had come from the magician.

He blinked and looked down at his wrist again. The Muller was gone. @ lain Ball blogs at Ball Point



COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS

BY **SAMBIT BAL**

SPORT TODAY EXCITES -BUT IT ISN'T MEMORABLE

t feels odd that my most powerful memory from eight seasons of the IPL should be that of Rahul Dravid flinging his cap off in disgust last season. The exact details of what led to that uncharacteristic meltdown are fuzzy, but let me try to reconstruct the event without the aid of the internet.

James Faulkner delivered a leg-stump full toss, the worst possible ball in the circumstances, and was duly carted for a six by a young Mumbai Indians batsman to eliminate the Rajasthan Royals from the IPL, the team Dravid still mentors. Batting first, the Royals had put up 185-odd, a stiff target in a knockout match. Mumbai's task was made tougher by the fact that they had to make the runs in 15 overs to beat the Royals' run rate. But some obscene hitting had brought them to the doorstep of qualification before a nervy run-out with the scores tied seemed to have sealed the match for the Royals. However, amid pandemonium, it emerged that they could still lose out if Mumbai won the match with a boundary off the next ball.

Moments after the cap bore his fury, Dravid was seen picking it up contritely, but it's the first action that made it to the news channels and is still playing out on YouTube. It sticks in my memory because it was so unexpected, and perhaps because I have had the occasion of speaking, and sometimes needling, Dravid about it.

The point I'm making is that even though I am not an IPL diehard, I am still surprised that I remember so little of the cricket.

I could still understand this phenomenon in the case of the IPL, where one match blurs into the other, and where the noise, both on television and at the grounds, denies the possibility of a quiet second to absorb the moment. But I am more unsettled by how much I have forgotten of the last three World Cups, which I covered from the grounds, whereas the 1983 World Cup, which I followed first on radio and then on grainy black and white television, is still fresh in my memory. 1987, 1992, 1996 and 1999 are still more vivid than 2003, 2007 and 2011

I spoke to a friend about this and he, as passionate about sport as me, suggested that early memories were invariably stronger. That's hard to dispute. The first crush, first kiss, the first movie you watch in the theatre, the first taste of alcohol, the first cricket match at the ground... The sensations are still palpable. But it wasn't so straightforward for me.

Memory can be dependent on how something and someone made us feel, but forgetting is rarely an act of will. My hypothesis about the loss of sporting memory is based on multiple factors. The first of which is glut.

My earliest memories of the gentleman's game were formed via the radio and reading. The mind was left to imagine pictures and the imagery was vivid and powerful. I never saw Dennis Compton play, but a description in a book of his falling sweep was so rich it allowed me to visualize him with my eyes closed.

Today, cricket plays on television relentlessly, but the images are fleeting; some catch our attention, but very few leave a lasting impression. For god's sake, even Ambati Rayudu played a falling sweep the other night, but damn if it sneaks into my dreams.

I also think that with the advancement of professionalism and sports sciences, athletes have acquired the knowledge and the tools to extract more out of themselves, which has led to more optimal performances on the field. Skill and instinct are not obsolete yet – Lionel Messi produced two pieces of incredible magic, two all-time great goals, in the course of two weeks in May – but the dominant themes of modern sport are power, speed, precision and consistency.

Compton's daring elicited genuine amazement not only because it was uncommon but also because it was so free-spirited. In contrast, AB de Villiers has made outrageous stroke-making a perfect science, and so commonplace, that a 20-ball 50 no longer induces amazement.

It took 29 years and 2,962 matches for the first ODI double century to be scored, but five more have come in the last five years. Administrators and marketers have managed to commoditize sports as packaged entertainment. But it has all come at the cost of two precious elements: awe and wonder.

And finally, there is the case of easy accessibility. When I was a young reporter, I trained my mind on the principle that what a reporter didn't remember was not news. Consequently, notes became only my safety net, and the story had already taken shape by the time I got back from my assignment. But in the age of voice recorders, convenient no doubt, fashioning the story often takes place after the transcription. It's the same, I am guessing, when it comes to remembering matches and moments. Every moment worth reliving is readily available on YouTube. Why must we then bother to remember?

In many ways, sports fans have never had it so good: Television takes us so close to the action that we can watch every muscle move. Our heroes talk to us on social media. And all the stats and information we need is at our fingertips. Everything is at hand, yet something is lost. It all feels less intimate. \odot

Sambit Bal is the Editor-in-Chief of ESPNcricinfo

SAMBIT'S RECOMMENDED READS



THE FIGHT BY NORMAN MAILER

The story of Mohammed Ali's fight with George Foreman in 1975 to regain his title, told intimately and lovingly by one of the great prose stylists of the world.



DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

I don't consider bullfighting a sport, but this autobiographical account is a compelling exploration of life, culture and human nature.



IT NEVER RAINS BY PETER ROEBUCK

Roebuck was a friend who died tragically. This book, a classic in the genre of sports diaries, is written not by the writer I came to know but by an intellectually curious cricketer.

Discover more while you travel. Get it on your iPad, iPhone and Android devices.







158 DESERT SCENES

BY KISHORE SINGH

THE MIDDLE EAST AS AN ALTERNATIVE TO PARIS AND NEW YORK? BELIEVE IT

he Guggenheim, that very iconic building in Manhattan, is finding another avatar in Abu Dhabi, this one designed by Frank Gehry. A few years ago, peering at works by Wassily Kandinsky, Paul Klee and Willem de Kooning alongside miniature models of a number of world-class museums planned for the Saadiyat Island cultural district, it had all seemed like a sheikha's wild fantasy. Only, it is the sheikhs who are funding the venture and - pinch yourself! - the museums should be ready for opening this year. Soon, beside the Guggenheim, you'll have the Louvre and the Sheikh Zayed National Museum as well as performing spaces and auditoriums on the waterfront. And why not? Some of the world's most expensive art is now being bought by men in flowing robes, so it makes sense to bring the whole shop to them. Sort of.

If we found it easy to dismiss our hedonistic brethren from the Middle East as mere high-street shoppers, the joke's on us. The new slice of culture they're building is the real indicator of their long-term civilizational ambitions. After all, it was the royal family of Qatar that offered citizenship to our very own MF Husain, then in self-imposed exile, who gave up his Indian passport for one issued in Doha. That he took up a commission to paint the history of Arab civilization might have been mere coincidence, but the series (was it even completed?) remains unseen so far and is likely to create a buzz when put on public display.

But then, Doha already has its share of museums, like the IM Pei-designed Museum of Islamic Art in Doha. As for Dubai, that suburban extension of Mumbai, pop-up works by Paresh Maity and Seema Kohli sell as well as they do in Delhi, and Gallery 1x1 has a permanent roster of Indian artists on display. The art fairs in Dubai and Abu Dhabi? They're as popular as those in Hong Kong and Basel. Almost.

Indian art and artists do well in the





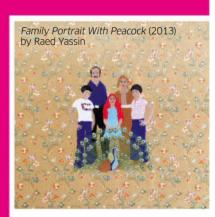
region because of shared cultural and historical links, but if people here are buying art - and they are - it's still the kind that pleases them and decorates their chamber walls in their various palaces rather than anything serious. At the same time, they're competing against the Chinese for the Matisses and Monets at record prices. The Chinese prefer to announce their wealth at auctions, while the Arabs are more discreet - the Qatari royal family reputedly having picked up two of the world's most expensive paintings, Paul Cezanne's The Card Players for \$250 million and Paul Gauguin's When Will You Marry? for \$300 million. But there is one proviso: For the Chinese, nothing is taboo, but for the Arabs unclothed figures are proscribed. That's advantage Picasso (and Souza) to the Chinese...

As in India, much of the buying in the Middle East is assisted by "contacts". Do you know anyone whose friend is an acquaintance of the sheikha? For, inevitably, the sheikhas are the art impresarios, while the sheikhs dole out the princely handouts, whether the purchases are intended for a museum or acquired to grace a boudoir. This makes the task of navigating the corridors of power a double-edged sword – women gallerists talk of invitations to high tea at the sheikha's palace as luxe affairs straight out of an Arabian

fantasy, while negotiations in a sheikh's office are usually formal affairs better conducted between men.

For now, this has not resulted in a local culture of art, one where contemporary artists have found an environment that nurtures creativity, as the Medicis did in Florence and Venice and the Mughals did in Delhi and Agra. But as important galleries and museums open in the Middle East, one thing is sure: The next time you want to see a Leonardo da Vinci – perhaps even the Mona Lisa – you might need to head closer home to Abu Dhabi than go all the way to snobby Paris.

Kishore Singh is a curator and art critic



WHAT SELLS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Calligraphy: This is the preferred style of art practice in the region, but it can become repetitive

Pakistani and Egyptian: They enjoy the fact that the artists are their brethren.

Indian: The vibrancy and colours find an echo, and they enjoy Husain and Maity. Souza, alas, remains taboo.

Western masters: Whether Monet or Matisse, Gauguin or Cezanne, they adore them, having studied in Europe.

Contemporary art: Not big supporters of the trend, they prefer modern artists embedded and archived with the solidity of a fixed deposit in a reputed vault.





THE FRENCH **NEW WAVE**

YOU CAN NOW EAT A MICHELIN-STAR MEAL FOR UNDER ₹1,500 IN PARIS - IF YOU KNOW WHFRF TO GO

n a working-class neighbourhood of Paris that's at the cusp of gentrification, a chalkboard menu outside a restaurant reads:

Entrée: Asparagus with ricotta and roasted hazelnuts Plat: Grilled sea bream with picked apples and braised fennel

Dessert: Elderflower sorbet and cherries with pistachio crumble

Scribbled below is the price: €23

Welcome to a Parisian neo-bistro.

Inside the relatively small space, you find yourself in the midst of organized chaos. There's a mix of customers: locals, artists, businessmen and tourists in the know. The décor is bare-boned but comfortable; the ambience lively and welcoming. There is no silverware and no white tablecloth. The staff is lean, with waiters more often than not stretched across several tables. But the belated service is more than worth the exceptional fare.

In 1992, when chef Yves Camdeborde left his position at the Michelin-starred Hôtel de Crillon in Paris to take over a bistro on the outskirts of the city and serve haute cuisine at reasonable prices, legendary chef Joël Robuchon infamously stated that this kind of experiment would never work. Fussy Parisian diners were accustomed to paying exorbitant prices and occupying themselves with a great deal of formality for high-quality meals. Luckily, the ambitious Camdeborde paid no heed.

Back then, the first incarnation of neo-bistros served the classical, refined pot au feu, blanquette de veau or sole Meunière you'd expect in a fine-dine establishment.

Today, however, the boundaries between classical and modern are blurred. While the techniques are rooted in classical French cooking. the ingredients are eclectic, leading to playful combinations such as fruits sprinkled with paan masala served as a palate cleanser, or modernized versions of tête de veau - crispy veal brains dusted with freeze-dried raspberry powder instead of the traditional gribiche sauce (a cooked egg mayonnaise with herbs and capers).

The food at neo-bistros is tasty and earthy, and the menu changes daily based on what's in season or what the chef fancies. Often, chefs line up at the crack of dawn for produce from Joël Thiébault, a French market gardener who harvests his vegetables the same morning before selling them at one of Paris' most popular outdoor markets. Meat and fish are usually procured at Terroir d'Avenir, where you'll find everything from line-caught hake to bergamots and Puy lentils - the latter cherished for their special flavour drawn from the mineral-rich volcanic soil in which they grow.

Back in the kitchen, menus are printed 45 minutes before service starts. As maverick Chef Inaki Aizpitarte – the poster boy of the Parisian bistronomy scene, known for putting together unlikely combinations at his restaurant Le Chateaubriand - once said, "We never know what we're going to do until we do it!" A good neo-bistro will typically offer a set menu with limited options per course for lunch and a tasting menu for dinner - perfect for a more experimental clientele.



WHERE TO EAT PARIS' TRENDIEST NEO-BISTROS

32 Rue Saint-Maur +33 1 55 28 51 82

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Run by two sisters, one in charge of the kitchen and the other the front of the house, Le Servan is a local favourite for its Asian-inspired flavours paired with classical French cooking techniques. Think boudin noir wontons and clams in a sublime chili and Thai bacil houilles. hasil houillon

Le Baratin

3 Rue Jouye-Rouve +33 1 43 49 39 70

+33 1 43 49 39 70
Self-taught Argentinian chef Raquel
Carena has been cooking for 25 years
and specializes in simple market
cooking with a penchant for strange
animal bits. This is where you'll find
most of the city's chefs on their days
off - Pierre Hermé, the master of

80 Rue de Charonne +33 1 43 67 38 29 The menu of this Michelin-star The menu of this Michelin-star restaurant intentionally lacks verbose description, often only citing the provenance of ingredients. The flavours are just as clean and minimalistic. Book well ahead of time. If you don't get a table, though, you can always go to the Septime Cave or to Clamato, their seafood restaurant next door.

Le Chateaubriand

129 Avenue Parmentier +33 1 45 57 45 95

Opened in 2006 by iconoclast chef Inaki Aizpitarte, highlights include scallops with Cevenol onions and walnuts. The 9-course tasting menu will set you back

Consider for instance the Tocino de Cielo, a constant offering at Le Chateaubriand, Aizpitarte makes his version of the Andalusian classic caramel custard by deconstructing it on the plate: He takes a disc of meringue, spoons in some caramel sauce and tops it with an egg yolk that's been cured in a sugar solution for 24 hours to develop a sweet skin, and is then blow-torched. You're supposed to pop the dessert into your mouth whole. And when you bite into it, the volk oozes, the burnt sugar cracks, the meringue shatters and the caramel delights.

Chefs today are eager to start their own restaurants instead of spending their careers following one great culinary master - and as a result, it's increasingly common to find a Ducasse-, Robuchon- or Passard-trained chef in the kitchen of a restaurant around the corner. Even top culinary school students, who once clamoured for internships at 3-Michelin-starred restaurants, now prefer to intern at these cool neo-bistros. The result? A movement that's creating a delicious future, leaving diners spoiled for choice.

Shaheen Peerbhai blogs at Purplefoodie.com



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THE RE-EDUCATION

@F DINESH D'SOUZA



Once a wunderkind of the conservative elite, **Dinesh D'Souza** has made a fortune with increasingly wild-eyed books and documentaries, including one about Barack Obama's 'rage'. Now serving time for campaign-finance fraud, D'Souza says he is being punished for his beliefs

Written by EVGENIA PERETZ

t was 7pm, and Dinesh D'Souza - political pundit, writer, documentary film-maker, and one-time wunderkind of the intellectual elite - was dining in his new haunt: the Subway sandwich shop in National City, San Diego, a downtrodden Latino neighbourhood about 20 miles from the Mexican border. He ordered his usual: six-inch whole-wheat sub with tuna salad and provolone. The girl making it was one step ahead of him. "He's one of my randoms," she said affectionately. Indeed, in his glasses, striped sweater over a polo shirt and clean sneakers, D'Souza looked as if he were heading for a start-up roll-out event instead of a community confinement centre a few minutes away, where he is serving an eight-month sentence during nighttime hours.

The rest of his evening would look something like this: He would check in to the confinement centre at 7:57pm, three minutes before his 8pm curfew. Certain that the Obama administration is waiting for him to slip up, he wouldn't risk being late, which is why he eats near the facility and not at his home, 20 miles away in La Jolla, where he is free to spend the day (though he may not leave the confines of San Diego County). Upon entering the centre's fluorescent-lit, low-ceilinged building, situated across from a pungent recycling dump, he would be given a breathalyzer test and patted down. He would join about 90 other residents, mostly Latino. After using one of the stalls of his communal bathroom, he would enter the open-plan sleeping quarters and climb onto a top bunk, above a 400lb guy who, "when he moves, the whole bunk bed shakes." He would do his best to focus on his book and to block out the conversation. "I'll be on my bed. I'll hear four guys discussing the tits on the woman at Los Tacos. It will go on and on and on. I'm just powerless to move."

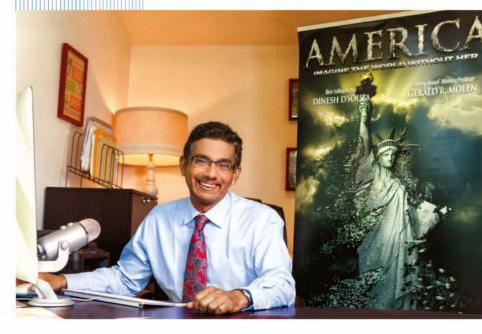
D'Souza reports on his new living situation with high energy and a matter-of-fact bemusement punctuated by an eager, slightly dorky laugh which is odd, given his grim circumstances. Last May, he pleaded guilty to a campaign-finance violation after he was caught getting two straw donors to contribute to the campaign of his old friend Wendy Long, who was running against Kirsten Gillibrand in the US Senate race in New York. At one point, he was facing up to two years in prison, though he ultimately got eight months in a halfway house, plus community service and a \$30,000 fine. Still, it's no small price to pay given that most people who commit the same crime don't get caught. So, why is he so animated? According to D'Souza, there's a conspiracy afoot: He's a victim of Obama's anti-colonialist rage.

It makes perfect sense, right? In the past five years, he has turned Obama's alleged rage into a fortune with three books – *The Roots Of Obama's Rage, Obama's America* and *America: Imagine A World Without Her* – and companion documentaries for the last two, one of which grossed \$33 million, making it the highest-grossing

political documentary after Michael Moore's Fahrenheit 9/11.

After the charges came down in January 2014, he cried "selective prosecution", a serious offence in which the government unfairly targets an individual - in this case, for political retribution. Alas, D'Souza didn't have evidence that the president, or US Attorney General Eric Holder, or anyone else in the Justice Department, was out to get him. When he couldn't get the case thrown out on that basis, he pleaded guilty and claimed to take responsibility for his actions. The act might have earned him points with the judge, who had the discretion to ignore the sentencing guidelines (from 10 to 16 months of incarceration), but D'Souza seemed to squander the judge's goodwill by publicly and repeatedly announcing that he was a victim of political persecution. The judge seemed perplexed. Why was D'Souza engaging in self-sabotage? Did he have some kind of psychological affliction? Why, in the first place, did a man who had achieved so much success so carelessly flout the law when there was so little to gain? In short, how could such a smart man be so stupid?

Indeed, D'Souza may be the most maddening, bewildering figure in the punditry world. He is eminently likable in person: courteous, avuncular, chatty, quick to laugh and willing to lay himself open to ridicule. He's also a doting father to an intelligent, polite 20-year-old daughter, who utterly reveres him. But in his public life he's pathologically drawn to pushing the bounds of civil discourse, often with a disinterest in backing up his assertions with facts. While this approach has won him hundreds of thousands of fans of the Joe the Plumber variety, it has eaten away at his respectability in intellectual circles. Few members of the media elite, he complains, have been willing to publicly defend him.





(Clockwise from left)
D'Souza with former
President Richard
Nixon; with founder of
the political magazine
the National Review,
William F Buckley Jr;
D'Souza's decidedly
analogue filing system



ven as a kid, D'Souza had two sides - the hopeful immigrant, determined to excel, and the attention-seeking pest. One of his aspirations as a middle-class boy growing up in Mumbai was to memorize the entire English dictionary. Through a Rotary exchange programme he ended up, at age 17, in a small town in Arizona. After "crushing the SATs", he landed at Dartmouth. The ways of the northeast elite were totally alien to him, but he guickly found a group of students that would become his "surrogate family" and unleash his inner frat-boy knucklehead. With support from a charismatic professor, Jeffrey Hart, who was a senior editor at the National Review, the group founded The Dartmouth Review, with the aim of challenging in the most offensive ways possible what they saw as liberal campus claptrap. Under D'Souza's editorship. the paper published a "lighthearted interview" with a former member of the Ku Klux Klan, accompanied by a staged photo of a black man hanging from a tree: an article about affirmative action entitled "Dis Sho' Ain't No Jive, Bro", written in Ebonics; and the names of members of the Gay Student Alliance. In his memoir, Stress Test, former Treasury secretary Tim Geithner, who attended Dartmouth at the same time as D'Souza, recalls running into him at a coffee shop and asking him "how it felt to be such a dick."

D'Souza allows that some of his behaviour may have been "sophomoric". But, as the leader of the young conservative counter-Establishment, he got national attention. "Here I am. I'm 20 years old, 21, and I find myself being written about in *The New York Times* and *Newsweek*," D'Souza recalls. Soon after graduation, he parlayed his young fame into a stint as managing editor of a right-wing quarterly, *Policy Review*, before landing a job in the Reagan White House as a domestic-policy analyst. Seeing a career in government as a slog, in 1989 he accepted a job offer from the American Enterprise Institute, the preeminent conservative think tank.



He could easily have spent the next couple of years churning out dry policy pieces. Indeed, his first few books went nowhere. But in 1991, his Illiberal Education was a smash hit: an exhaustively researched takedown of the political correctness that was sweeping college campuses and that he believed was undermining academic standards and chilling freedom of thought. His editor, Adam Bellow (son of novelist Saul Bellow), had urged D'Souza to aim to engage even liberals, and D'Souza did just that. The book put on the map a conversation that was necessary at the time, and it became a best-seller, getting rave reviews and prominent cover placement in The Atlantic, The New York Review Of Books and The New Republic. "Illiberal Education was terrific," recalls Andrew Sullivan, then the editor of The New Republic. "He had a sharp intellect and a gift for provocation, in a good way."

"Suddenly, I just became a huge mainstream celebrity in the intellectual world," says D'Souza, who was inundated with speaking invitations. He also became a hot commodity among blonde conservatives. After dating Laura Ingraham and then Ann Coulter, he found the ultimate prize in Dixie Brubaker, a beautiful blonde from a conservative California family, whom he had met while working in the White House; they married in 1992. D'Souza admits, "It was my mission to marry the all-American girl."

He had the plum job, the perfect wife and a provocative tack that seemed to work. Emboldened by the success of Illiberal Education, he pushed his argument further, in 1995, with The End Of Racism. His being brown himself, he believed, put him in a privileged position to comment on race and would inoculate him against criticism. Among his assertions: slavery in the United States was not actually based on race. That if we're going to discuss America owing blacks reparations for slavery, then what do blacks owe America for the abolition of slavery? He riffed on "widely different personalities" developed during slavery - "the playful Sambo, the sullen 'field nigger', the dependable Mammy, the sly and inscrutable trickster" - that, he claimed, were "still recognizable". It was another best-seller, but this time the press denounced it as insensitive. Sullivan, who had planned to run an excerpt in The New Republic, declined to publish it. Eventually, recalls Sullivan, "in the office, he was called by his

nickname, 'Distort Denewsa'." Glenn Loury and Bob Woodson, two African-American colleagues at AEI, resigned in protest. As Loury wrote, "It violated the canons of civility and commonality."

'Souza's other beat had been Christianity (with such books as What's So Great About Christianity and Life After Death), and he eventually gained entrée to the megachurch-speaking circuit. In venues such as Rick Warren's Saddleback Church in Orange County, which claims to have more than 20,000 congregants, D'Souza says he was selling 800 books in a day. He'd never encountered the American masses before, but they seemed to love him.

As passionate as these folks were about god, they were as fearful of Barack Obama, who had just taken office. Where did this guy come from? Was he African? Muslim? What was the deal with his name? In *The Roots Of Obama's Rage* (2010), D'Souza answered those questions for them.

The conservative Weekly Standard called the book "lunacy", but to thousands of Americans among them Newt Gingrich - D'Souza sounded about right; the book was an instant best-seller. But D'Souza knew there were millions more out there who needed to hear this message. "The battlefield is much bigger. To reach that battlefield, you have to go beyond books." Inspired by the success of Fahrenheit 9/11, D'Souza partnered with Gerald Molen, the right-wing co-producer of Schindler's List, raised \$2.5 million from private individuals and made the 2012 documentary 2016: Obama's America. It received a 26 per cent score from critics on Rotten Tomatoes, but what did he care? He was a rock star again, this time doing large arenas. He found in his new fans "foot soldiers that are looking for leadership, intellectual leadership, cultural leadership... Some of them regard me as a hero."

HIS BEING BROWN
HIMSELF, HE
BELIEVED, PUT HIM
IN A PRIVILEGED
POSITION TO
COMMENT ON RACE

It was too dizzying a time to deal with the mundane obligations he'd taken on, like helping to fund-raise for Wendy Long, his old *Dartmouth Review* compatriot, in her Senate race. The campaign was hopeless, "a joke", according to D'Souza, and she kept asking him to do tedious tasks, like meeting with groups of wealthy Indian doctors in Westchester to ask for their support. He completely blew it off but was starting to feel quilty.

He'd already reached the legal donation limit by giving \$10,000 on behalf of himself and his estranged wife. But there was a lot more needed. So he asked his new lover and her husband to contribute \$10,000 and said he'd reimburse them. He asked the same of his young assistant, Tyler Vawser, and Vawser's wife. Vawser was concerned; according to court documents, D'Souza assured him it was fine. If anyone should ask about it, D'Souza said, Vawser should say that he knew Long and that he supported her candidacy. When Long later asked D'Souza about these unusually large contributions, D'Souza assured her that the individuals had the means. Despite the trail of untruths, D'Souza casts the act as one of generosity of spirit and misguided friendship. "All of my friends supported Wendy Long, but none of them supported her like this. Why? They were too smart to do it... I felt inwardly that I should do more. I felt an obligation to do more." Not so obligated, it should be said, that it was worth fund-raising the legal way – like travelling to Westchester to meet with a group of Indian doctors.

At some point in 2013, after conducting what the government called a routine review of Long's campaign filings, the FBI reported to the Justice Department a couple of red flags two contributions totalling \$10,000 each from individuals not known to Long, in a sea of smaller contributions. In January 2014, after investigators questioned Vawser, who was not prosecuted, Preet Bharara, the US attorney for the Southern District of New York, charged D'Souza with two counts: violating federal campaign-finance laws and causing a false statement to be made to the Federal Election Commission. The two charges could bring up to seven years' jail time. D'Souza hired Benjamin Brafman, whose clients have included Michael Jackson and Dominique Strauss-Kahn. For four months D'Souza refused to plead guilty. Instead, Brafman sought to have the charges thrown out on the grounds that D'Souza was the victim of selective prosecution. According to the motion, D'Souza was being targeted because he was "a sharp critic of the Obama presidency who has incurred the president's wrath".

n May 20, 2014, the day the trial was to begin, D'Souza pleaded guilty to the illegal campaign contribution charge (taking the second charge off the table) and professed to take responsibility for his actions. The next few months would be critical, as the judge would be deliberating on the appropriate sentence. The moment called for humility. D'Souza enlisted

Judge Berman could only wonder. "I'm not sure, Mr D'Souza, that you get it," he told him on September 23, the day of the sentencing hearing. "The defence says it has accepted the court's rulings in this case, yet Mr D'Souza... continues to deflect and minimize the significance of the crime and of his behaviour." D'Souza's public pronouncements, he went on, were "totally thoughtless and not self-reflective and not self aware... I'm totally confident that Lady Justice is doing her job and that she's not taking off her blindfold to target Dinesh D'Souza."

D'Souza's trail of bluster had finally caught up with him in court. The judge sentenced him to five years' probation, a full day of community service each week for those five years, eight months in a

confinement centre and therapeutic counselling. A week later, D'Souza reportedly had a request. Could he delay the sentence? Because he really wanted to, among other things, promote his new movie. The judge wrote, "Respectfully denied."



n October, D'Souza entered the confinement centre, joining the kind of people he had publicly referred to as "parasitic". Luckily, none seemed to be familiar with his work. The first night, he slept "with one eye open". While he was lying there, his 400lb bunkmate struck up a conversation: "He goes, 'Hey, man, what are you in for?' I go, 'Campaign-finance violation.' He goes, 'What the fuck does that mean?' I go, 'Well, my friend was running for the Senate, and I gave her too much money. I raised money for her in the wrong way.' So he goes, 'Shit! Can you raise money for me?' I go, 'No.' Then there was the mandatory rape class, which was about 'establishing that all of us have a right not to be raped.' Very reassuring."

But D'Souza also shows flashes of self-reflection. Looking back on the recent events in his life, he says, "Part of what you learn about life is that a wrecking ball can come out of nowhere, and it isn't just going to take out your left toe. It can hit you right in the middle and take you down." His personal experience has made him re-assess some of his public stances. His community service, teaching English to Mexican immigrants, some of whom are undocumented, has softened his stance on immigration. He once had a credo that "the quality of the immigrant is directly proportional to the distance travelled to get here... But I now see that the adults in my class are incredibly industrious, determined, and hardworking, and no less strenuous in their pursuit of the American Dream than any other immigrant group." Likewise, his divorce has "sobered and humbled me and made me a lot more tentative about things I was sure about." It seems he's no longer convinced that the country's acceptance of divorce led to the destruction of the World Trade Center. And he is as productive as ever. His future plans include starting a PAC, to pay for getting his America documentary shown on hundreds of campuses, and writing a new book with a companion film about the "secret history" of the Left. He is also trying his hand at Christian-themed feature films and, to that end, is busy writing screenplays for a thriller and a family film.

Still, old addictions are hard to break. On Martin Luther King Jr Day, he tweeted, "An interesting parallel: MLK was targeted by J. Edgar Hoover, an unsavory character. I was targeted by the equally unsavory B. Hussein Obama".

You'd think he'd made his point already. But in his view, it was working – since his sentencing, he says he has raised \$10 million towards his new film – so why stop? "This whole episode," he says, "far from denting my career, has actually brought me to the attention of a wider audience." ♥









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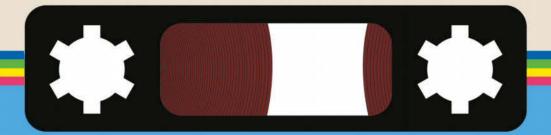
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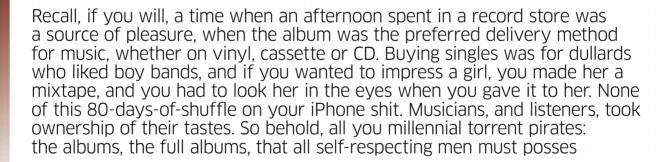


Every Man Must Own

Written by **Dave Besseling**















GUNS 'N ROSES

APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION (1987)

So much and so little to say about this one: the funelling of proto-blues and dino-rock into a perfect concoction of sex, drugs and Slash guitar solos. It could be a dissertation on how to get into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame in record time. If you don't own this in analog form, you know nothing and should stop reading now.



JAMES BROWN

IN THE JUNGLE GROOVE (1986)

Makes you wonder what all these idiots are doing blaring EDM in gyms around the world. If you want to be worked, assaulted and pounded mercilessly, consistently, without stop, this album is all you need. And we're not even talking about having moved your body yet. There's a reason these beats are the most sampled in hip-hop, and to think, there once was a time when Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath topped the rock charts while this was the sort of stuff you'd get coked up and go out clubbing to. The modern world is a toilet.



THE CLASH

LONDON CALLING (1979)

The late Seventies London punk scene was never meant to last. (It's a Christmas miracle Sid Vicious lived as long as he did.) But once The Clash melded those angsty three-chord laments to commercialism and urban decay with the sultry sounds of Jamaican dub, a new genre was born, a genre with only one album. It's an unlikely bit of trans-Atlantic cross-stitching that's not been replicated, let alone topped, since.



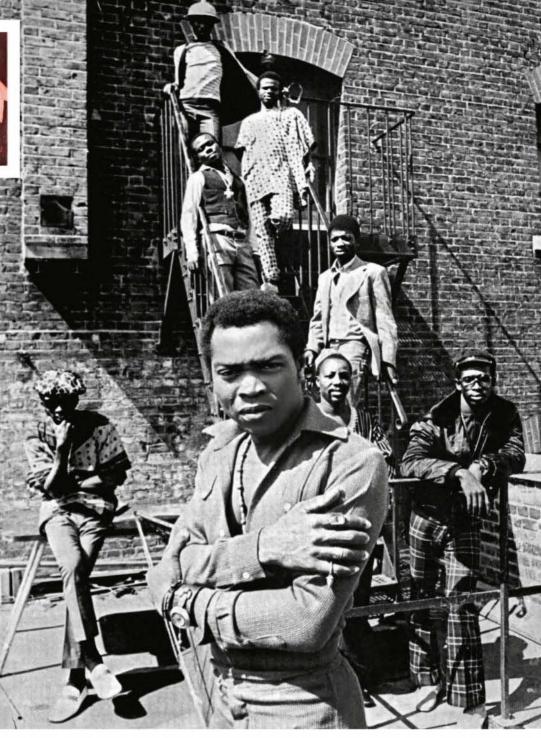
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15 Albums

FELA KUTI AND AFRICA 70 WITH GINGER BAKER

LIVE! (1971)

Ginger Baker was a notorious agitator, philanderer and monomaniacal musical genius. So was Fela Kuti. Thus, when the master jazz drummer decided to hit Lagos to get in on some African sounds, back when most white musicians couldn't point out Nigeria on a map, it was pretty much fated that the volatile Mr Baker would end up on stage with the father of Afrobeat. And as far as mixing musical juju, this is probably the best live album you've never heard of. Ignore at your peril.





PIXIES

DOOLITTLE (1989)

Of all the pioneering rock bands cashing in on reunion tours this past decade, the Pixies might be the only ensemble that haven't shrivelled into pickled golems of their former selves. Black Francis might be a little fatter and they may have found an actual golem of Kim Deal to play bass on their latest studio outing, but the crew can still rock "Crackity Jones" as hard as they did in the Eighties, when a young Kurt Cobain was listening to their loud-quiet-loud formula very carefully.







ARCADE FIRE

REFLEKTOR (2013)

No, you're not less of a man for liking Arcade Fire. In fact, with their latest album, the case can be made that their Haitian beats are cool because the Montreal band were probably doing voodoo and all sorts of other evil shit when they were in Port-Au-Prince, and any band that can get David Bowie to sing back-up vocals, back-up vocals, is packing balls you couldn't fit in the hollowed-out cabinet of a Marshall stack.







SHAOLIN SOUL

VOLS 1 & 2 (2001)

Yes, it's a pair of compilation albums, but the heavy-lifting that went into collecting every soul song the Wu-Tang Clan have ever sampled is the baddest bit of badassery in the history of badassednesss. You got everything from Baby Huey's rumblefunk that would later pace Ghostface Killah's "Buck 50" to that "C.R.E.A.M" sample - the two-bar intro that's never used again. It's like a goddamn hip-hop treasure hunt.





DADDY G

DJ KICKS (2004)

Quite simply the most sophisticated DJ setlist you'll hear in your evershortening life. And if you ever saw Daddy G play live with Massive Attack, your life was probably shortened by whatever you were tripping your clackers off on that night. This album starts with some Year Zero reggae, a nod to Tricky, slaps you with a bit of Barrigton Levy and throws some bass under Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, ending with a new mix of Massive Attack's "Unfinished Symphony". Buy this now and never let it out of your sight.



RADIOHEAD

IN RAINBOWS (2007)

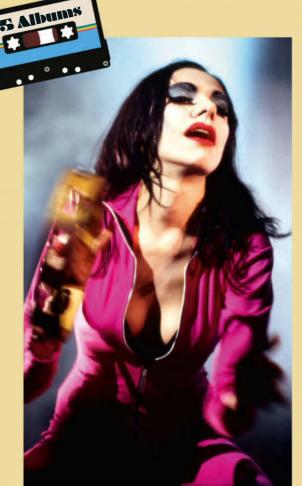
After being cursed with creating what still stands as one of the best albums ever made. Thom Yorke & Co spent the post-Ok Computer years fidgeting with electronics and trying out full orchestral arrangements, but it wasn't until *In* Rainbows that they got the mix right. It'll make you dance, it'll make you cry, it's the sum of one of the most eclectic bodies of work in modern music.



D'ANGELO AND THE VANGUARD

BLACK MESSIAH (2014)

Making your fans wait 15 years for your next album isn't necessarily smart. Just ask Axl Rose. But, suffering god, the Black Messiah's made it pay off, noodling through Prince licks and Parliament beats with that D'Angelo mainstay of being a-bit-off-kilter-but-still-on-point. Now pace yourself, dear listener. This may be all we ever get from him again.





THE POGUES

RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH (1985)

Even more shocking than the fact that competition-grade alcoholic Shane McGowan is still alive is the fact that the band's boozesopped, Irish folk-punk bastard was birthed 30 years ago. While McGowan is now mostly toothless and incomprehensible, there are moments of lyricism here that put the feckless little piss-weasel on par with some of Ireland's greatest wordsmiths. And hey, all those guys were inveterate drunks too. We're not judging here. Far from it. To the pub!



PJ HARVEY

LET ENGLAND SHAKE (2011)

We could have listed some early, angry Polly Jean and still stood behind it. There was a temptation to go with the very well-tempered Stories From The City, Stories From The Sea. But with Let England Shake, a cultural examination grown out of the post 9/11 wars, Harvey copy-pastes into her compositions old English war marches, the classic kitsch of "Istanbul Not Constantinople" and Rockabilly Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" - "What if I take my problems to the United Nations?" - as a metaphor of past colonial dread. It's a sampling of a sort, and it works. It works superlatively.



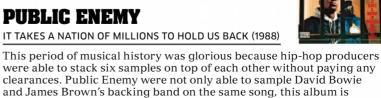
QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

...LIKE CLOCKWORK (2013)

Even back when Josh Homme was a lanky stoner-rocker in his first band, Kyuss, his guitar playing was head-turning stuff at a time when grunge was becoming unbearable. So once he broke off and started Queens, each album has been mostly uphill, with the stinkers chalked up to experimentalism, which makes this inevitable return to elbow-meet-face riffage all the more welcome.



PUBLIC ENEMY

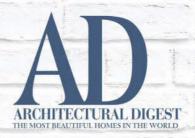


where Chuck D really let the larger public in on the struggles of Black America, making Nation Of Millions more than just an ass-stomping 16-track rager. Better to ignore the bad-pun song titles like "Rebel

Without A Pause", which haven't aged so well, but this is a historical treatise on African-American counterculture that still rings true today.



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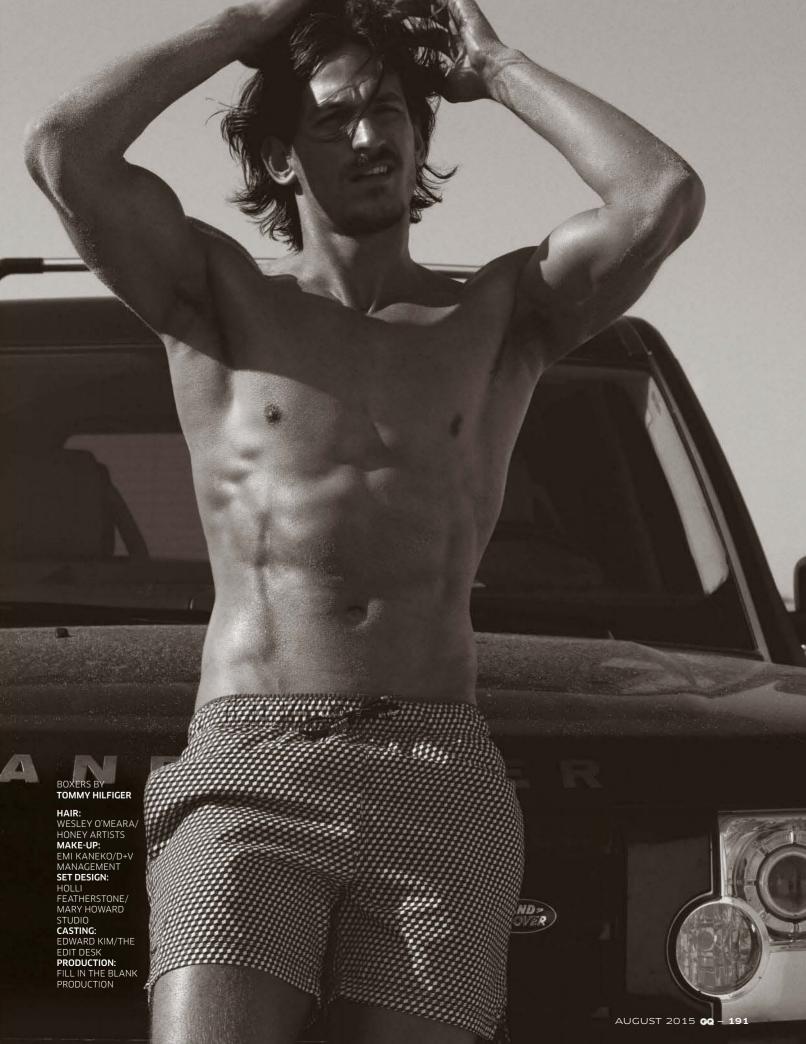
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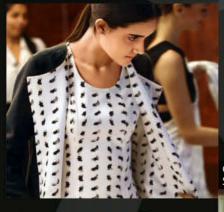
Round 1 of the highly anticipated Voque India Fashion Fund saw a diverse mix of design talent scoured from across the country! The 20 semi-finalists displayed their creations to the judges who imparted precious insights on starting a successful fashion label.



The Jean Claude Biguine team at work



Dhruv Kapoor strikes a pose with his models

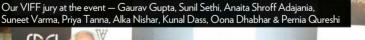


"What we see is the originality, the look, the feel and the quality of the product."



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"The most critical thing is knowing your consumer— knowing her and knowing what she's looking for."





THE CONTESTANTS TUNE IN TO THE EXPERTS' ADVICE



II INDIA

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"We underestimate the power of good styling... it shouldn't take away from the clothina."





A new category of accessory designers was added to the Vogue India Fashion Fund 2015

"It's important not to get puzzled by everything that's happening. Take a break and come up with a strategy and plan.



Vogue's Priya Tanna evaluates a designer's collection

"... Brand ethics is the foundation of everything. It has to be the starting point.





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e sits not a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye – and usually I catch his eye – it meets me with an expression—.

It is mainly an imploring look – and yet with suspicion in it.

Confound his suspicion! If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. I don't tell and I don't tell, and he ought to feel at his ease. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell?

Poor old Pyecraft! Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London.

He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting a round of hot buttered teacake, with his eyes on me. Confound him! – with his eyes on me!

That settles it, Pyecraft! Since you will be abject, since you will behave as though I was not a man of honour, here, right under your embedded eyes, I write the thing down – the plain truth about Pyecraft. The man I helped, the man I shielded, and who has requited me by making my club unendurable, absolutely unendurable, with his liquid appeal, with the perpetual "don't tell" of his looks.

And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating?

Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Pyecraft—. I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking-room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said – something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has. But, anyhow, it was in some such way we began talking.

He talked about various things and came round to games. And then to my figure and complexion. "You ought to be a good cricketer," he said. I suppose I am slender, slender to what some people would call lean, and I suppose I am rather dark, still – I am not ashamed of having a Hindu great-grandmother, but, for that, I don't want casual strangers to see through me at a glance to her. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning.

But he only talked about me in order to get to himself.

"I expect," he said, "you take no more exercise than I do, and probably you eat no less." (Like all excessively obese people he fancied he ate nothing.) "Yet" – and he smiled an oblique smile – "we differ."

And then he began to talk about his fatness and his fatness; all he did for his fatness and all he was going to do for his fatness; what people had advised him to do for his fatness and what he had heard of people doing for fatness similar to his. "A priori," he said, "one would think a question of nutrition could be answered by dietary and a question of assimilation by drugs." It was stifling. It was dumpling talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him.

One stands that sort of thing once in a way at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took to me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smokingroom but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandised round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner – almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I *might* – that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no one else presented.

"I'd give anything to get it down," he would say – "anything," and peer at me over his vast cheeks and pant.

Poor old Pyecraft! He has just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake!

He came to the actual thing one day. "Our Pharmacopoeia," he said,

"our Western Pharmacopoeia, is anything but the last word of medical science. In the East, I've been told—"

He stopped and stared at me. It was like being at an aquarium.

I was quite suddenly angry with him. "Look here," I said, "who told you about my great-grandmother's recipes?"

"Well," he fenced.

"Every time we've met for a week," I said – "and we've met pretty often – you've given me a broad hint or so about that little secret of mine."

"Well," he said, "now the cat's out of the bag, I'll admit, yes, it is so. I had it—" $\,$

"From Pattison?"

"Indirectly," he said, which I believe was lying, "yes."

"Pattison," I said, "took that stuff at his own risk."

He pursed his mouth and bowed.

"My great-grandmother's recipes," I said, "are queer things to handle. My father was near making me promise—"

"He didn't?"

"No, but he warned me. He himself used one - once."

"Ah!... But do you think—? Suppose – suppose there did happen to be one—" $\,$

"The things are curious documents," I said. "Even the smell of 'em... No!"

But after going so far Pyecraft was resolved I should go farther. I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with Pyecraft. I had got to that state of feeling for him that disposed me to say, "Well, *take* the risk!" The little affair of Pattison to which I have alluded was a different matter altogether. What it was doesn't concern us now, but I knew, anyhow, that the particular recipe I used then was safe. The rest I didn't know so much about, and, on the whole, I was inclined to doubt their safety pretty completely.

Yet even if Pyecraft got poisoned—

I must confess the poisoning of Pyecraft struck me as an immense undertaking.

hat evening I took that queer, odd-scented sandalwood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me – though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation – and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it.

"Look here," said I to Pyecraft the next day, and snatched the slip away from his eager grasp.

"So far as I can make it out, this is a recipe for Loss of Weight. ("Ah!" said Pyecraft.) I'm not absolutely sure, but I think it's that. And if you take my advice you'll leave it alone. Because, you know – I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft – my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. See?"

"Let me try it," said Pyecraft.

I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me.

"What in Heaven's name, Pyecraft," I asked, "do you think you'll look like when you get thin?"

He was impervious to reason. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened – never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin.

"It's nasty stuff," I said.

"No matter," he said, and took it.

He goggled at it. "But - but—" he said.

He had just discovered that it wasn't English.

"To the best of my ability," I said, "I will do you a translation."

I did my best. After that we didn't speak for a fortnight. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of the fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in. "I must speak," he said. "It isn't fair. There's something wrong. It's done me no good. You're not doing your great-grandmother justice—"

"Where's the recipe?"

He produced it gingerly from his pocket-book.

I ran my eye over the items. "Was the egg addled?" I asked.

"No. Ought it have been?"

"That," I said, "goes without saying in all my poor dear great-grandmother's recipes. When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing... And there's one or two possible alternatives to some of these other things. You've got *fresh* rattlesnake venom?"

"I got a rattlesnake from Jamrach's. It cost – it cost—"

"That's your affair, anyhow. This last item—"

"I know a man who—"

"Yes. H'm. Well, I'll write the alternatives down. So far as I know the language, the spelling of this recipe is particularly atrocious. By-the-bye, dog here probably means pariah dog."

For a month after that I saw Pyecraft constantly at the club as fat and anxious as ever. He kept our treaty, but at times broke the spirit of it by shaking his head despondently. Then one day in the cloakroom he said, "Your great-grandmother—"

"Not a word against her," I said; and he held his peace.

I could have fancied he had desisted, and I saw him one day talking to three new members about his fatness as though he was in search of other recipes. And then, quite unexpectedly, his telegram came.

"Mr Formalyn!" bawled a page-boy under my nose, and I took the telegram and opened it at once.

"For Heaven's sake come. —Pyecraft."

"H'm," said I, and to tell the truth I was so pleased at the rehabilitation of my great-grandmother's reputation this evidently promised that I made a most excellent lunch.

I got Pyecraft's address from the hall porter. Pyecraft inhabited the upper half of a house in Bloomsbury, and I went there so soon as I had done my coffee and Trappistine. I did not wait to finish my cigar.

"Mr Pyecraft?" said I, at the front door.

dan dan ban bandan bandan dan dan dan dan bandan bertan dan dan dan dan dan dan dan dari

They believed he was ill; he hadn't been out for two days.

"He expects me," said I, and they sent me up.

I rang the bell at the lattice-door upon the landing.

"He shouldn't have tried it, anyhow," I said to myself. "A man



"HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED THE RECIPE, ANYHOW," I SAID TO MYSELF. "A MAN WHO EATS LIKE A PIG OUGHT TO LOOK LIKE A PIG"





who eats like a pig ought to look like a pig."

An obviously worthy woman, with an anxious face and a carelessly placed cap, came and surveyed me through the lattice.

I gave my name and she let me in a dubious fashion.

"Well," said I, as we stood together inside Pyecraft's piece of the landing.

"E said you was to come in if you came," she said, and regarded me, making no motion to show me anywhere. And then, confidentially, "'E's locked in. sir."

"Locked in?"

"Locked himself in yesterday morning and 'asn't let any one in since, sir. And ever and again swearing. Oh, my!"

I stared at the door she indicated by her glances. "In there?" I said. "Yes, sir."

"What's up?"

She shook her head sadly. "'E keeps on calling for vittles, sir. 'Eavy vittle 'e wants. I get 'em what I can. Pork 'e's 'ad, sooit puddin', sossiges, noo bread. Everythink like that. Left outside, if you please, and me go away. 'E's eatin', sir, somethink awful."

Then came a piping bawl from inside the door: "That Formalyn?" "That you, Pyecraft," I shouted, and went and banged the door.

"Tell her to go away."

Then I could hear a curious pattering upon the door, almost like some one feeling for the handle in the dark, and Pyecraft's familiar grunts.

"It's all right," I said, "she's gone."

But for a long time the door didn't open.

I heard the key turn. Then Pyecraft's voice said, "Come in."

I turned the handle and opened the door. Naturally I expected to see Pyecraft.

Well, you know, he wasn't there!

I never had such a shock in my life. There was his sitting-room in a state of untidy disorder, plates and dishes among the books and writing things, and several chairs overturned, but Pyecraft -

"It's all right, o' man; shut the door," he said, and then I discovered him.

There he was right up close to the cornice in the corner by the door, as though some one had glued him to the ceiling. His face was anxious and angry. He panted and gesticulated. "Shut the door," he said. "If that woman gets hold of it-"

I shut the door, and went and stood away from him and stared.

"If anything gives way and you tumble down," I said, "you"ll break your neck, Pyecraft."

"I wish I could," he wheezed.

"A man of your age and weight getting up to kiddish gymnastics—" "Don't," he said, and looked agonized.

"How the deuce," I said, "are you holding on up there?"

"I'll tell you," he said, and gesticulated.

And then abruptly I realized that he was not holding on at all, that he was floating up there – just as a gas-filled bladder might have floated in the same position. He began a struggle to thrust himself away from the ceiling and to clamber down the wall to me. "It's that prescription," he panted, as he did so. "Your great-gran-"

He took hold of a framed engraving rather carelessly as he spoke and it gave way, and he flew back to the ceiling again, while the picture smashed on to the sofa. Bump he went against the ceiling, and I knew then why he was all over white on the more salient curves and angles of his person. He tried again more carefully, coming down by way of the mantel.

It was really a most extraordinary spectacle, that great, fat, apoplectic-looking man upside down and trying to get from the ceiling to the floor. "That prescription," he said. "Too successful."

"How?"

"Loss of weight - almost complete."

And then, of course, I understood.

"By Jove, Pyecraft," said I, "what you wanted was a cure for fatness! But you always called it weight. You would call it weight."

Somehow I was extremely delighted. I quite liked Pyecraft for the time. "Let me help you!" I said, and took his hand and pulled him down. He kicked about, trying to get a foothold somewhere. It was very like holding a flag on a windy day.

"That table," he said, pointing, "is solid mahogany and very heavy. If you can put me under that—"

I did, and there he wallowed about like a captive balloon, while I stood on his hearthrug and talked to him.

I lit a cigar. "Tell me," I said, "what happened?"

"I took it," he said.

"How did it taste?"

"Oh, beastly!"

I should fancy they all did. Whether one regards the ingredients or the probable compound or the possible results, almost all my great-

> grandmother's remedies appear to me at least to be extraordinarily uninviting. For my own part-

"I took a little sip first."

"Yes?"

"And as I felt lighter and better after an hour, I decided to take the draught."

"My dear Pyecraft!"

"I held my nose," he explained. "And then I kept on getting lighter and lighter - and helpless, you know."

He gave way suddenly to a burst of passion.

"What the goodness am I to do?" he said.

"There's one thing pretty evident," I said, "that you mustn't do. If you go out of doors you'll go up and up." I waved an arm upward.

"They'd have to send Santos-Dumont after you to bring you down again."

"I suppose it will wear off?"

I shook my head. "I don't think you can count on that," I said.

And then there was another burst of passion, and he kicked out at adjacent chairs and banged the floor. He behaved just as I should have expected a great, fat, selfindulgent man to behave under trying circumstances







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- that is to say, very badly. He spoke of me and of my great-grandmother with an utter want of discretion.

"I never asked you to take the stuff," I said.

And generously disregarding the insults he was putting upon me, I sat down in his armchair and began to talk to him in a sober, friendly fashion.

I pointed out to him that this was a trouble he had brought upon himself, and that it had almost an air of poetical justice. He had eaten too much. This he disputed, and for a time we argued the point.

He became noisy and violent, so I desisted from this aspect of his lesson. "And then," said I, "you committed the sin of euphemism. You called it, not Fat, which is inglorious, but Weight. You—"

He interrupted to say that he recognized all that. What was he to do?

I suggested he should adapt himself to his new conditions. So we came to the really sensible part of the business. I suggested that it would not be difficult for him to learn to walk about on the ceiling on his hands—

"I can't sleep," he said.

But that was no great difficulty. It was quite possible, I pointed out, to make a shake-up under a wire mattress, fasten the under things on with tapes, and have a blanket, sheet, and coverlet to button at the side. He would have to confide in his housekeeper, I said; and after some squabbling he agreed to that. (Afterwards it was quite delightful to see the beautifully matter-of-fact way with which the good lady took all these amazing inversions.) He could have a library ladder in his room, and all his meals would be laid on the top of his bookcase. We also hit on an ingenious device by which he could get to the floor whenever he wanted, which was simply to put the *British Encyclopaedia* (tenth edition) on the top of his open shelves. He just pulled out a couple of volumes and held on, and down he came. And we agreed there must be iron staples along the skirting, so that he could cling to those

whenever he wanted to get about the room on the lower level.

As we got on with the thing I found myself almost keenly interested. It was I who called in the housekeeper and broke matters to her, and it was I chiefly who fixed up the inverted bed. In fact, I spent whole days at

his flat. I am a handy, interfering sort of man with a screwdriver, and I made all sorts of ingenious adaptations for him – ran a wire to bring his bells within reach, turned all his electric lights up instead of down, and so on. The whole affair was extremely curious and interesting to me, and it was delightful to think of Pyecraft like some great, fat blow-fly,

crawling about on his ceiling and clambering round the lintel of his doors from one room to another, and never, never, never coming to the club any more...

Then, you know, my fatal ingenuity got the better of me. I was sitting by his fire drinking his whisky, and he was up in his favourite corner by the cornice, tacking a Turkey carpet to the ceiling, when the idea struck me. "By Jove, Pyecraft!" I said, "all this is totally unnecessary."

And before I could calculate the complete consequences of my notion I blurted it out. "Lead underclothing," said I, and the mischief was done.

Pyecraft received the thing almost in tears. "To be right ways up again—" he said.

I gave him the whole secret before I saw where it would take me. "Buy sheet lead," I said, "stamp it to discs. Sew 'em all over your underclothes until you have enough. Have lead-soled boots, carry a bag of solid lead, and the thing is done! Instead of being a prisoner here you may go abroad again, Pyecraft; you may travel—"

A still happier idea came to me. "You need never fear a shipwreck. All you need do is just slip off some or all of your clothes, take the necessary amount of luggage in your hand, and float up in the air—"

In his emotion he dropped the tack-hammer within an ace of my head. "By Jove!" he said, "I shall be able to come back to the club again."

The thing pulled me up short. "By Jove!" I said, faintly. "Yes. Of course – you will."

He did. He does. There he sits behind me now, stuffing – as I live! – a third go of buttered tea-cake. And no one in the whole world knows – except his housekeeper and me – that he weighs practically nothing; that he is a mere boring mass of assimilatory matter, mere clouds in clothing, *niente*, *nefas* the most inconsiderable of men.

There he sits watching until I have done this writing. Then, if he can, he will waylay me. He will come billowing up to me...

He will tell me over again all about it, how it feels, how it doesn't feel, how he sometimes hopes it is passing off a little. And always somewhere in that fat, abundant discourse he will say, "The secret's keeping, eh? If any one knew of it – I should be so ashamed... Makes a fellow look such a fool, you know. Crawling about on a ceiling and all that..."

And now to elude Pyecraft, occupying, as he does, an admirable strategic position between me and the door.

...ig, so that he could cl



This August, discover the best of Asia—all the information and insider tips you need to explore this crazy, delicious continent. Eat your way through it (from Japanese food in Chennai to Italian in Bangkok and Lebanese in Cambodia) or shop your way across it (you won't want to miss Istanbul's top boutiques or our shiny new watch guide), or then simply laze on the sweetest beaches around (from Bali to Thailand)—this month's issue packs it all in.



DON'T MISS: Condé Nast Traveller's What's Hot in Dubai supplement has everything you need to know about the coolest spots in Dubai right now—top hotels, must-visit restaurants, local brands, cultural events and the best places to take your kids. Complimentary with the August-September issue.

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Aartivijay Gupta Mumbai, 99200 50300 A. Lange & Söhne Mumbai.

Time Avenue, 022-2651 5757; Delhi, Johnson Watch Co, 011-2464 2200

Agent Provocateur (agentprovocateur.com)

Audemars Piguet Mumbai, Time Avenue, 022-2651 5858; Delhi. Kapoor Watch Co. 011-4134 5678

Audi Mumbai, 022-6616 8000: Delhi, 011-4948 6000 Bengaluru 080-28521547

Baume & Mercier Ethos: Mumhai 022-6615 0351 Delhi. 011-4058 8700: Bengaluru, 080-4113 0611 Blackberrys Mumbai, Phoenix, 022-2492 4282; Delhi, Ambience 011-4087 0084 Blancpain Mumbai, 022-2612 0521: Delhi. Johnson Watch Co. 011-4151 3121 BMW Mumbai 022-6161 3719: Delhi. 011-6635 6064:

Bengaluru, 080-2222 4544 **Breakbounce**

(breakbounce.com)

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Brioni (brioni com) **Brooks Brothers** Mumbai Palladium 022-2265 9950 Delhi, Ambience, 011-4087 0786 **Burberry** Mumbai, Palladium, 022-4080 1990; Delhi, DLF Emporio, 011-4652

9850; Bengaluru, UB City, 080-4173 8825 **Bylgari** Mumhai Rose 022-2362 0275: Delhi. 011-4150 5010; Bengaluru, 080-4124 8471

· C Calvin Klein Mumbai, 98200

78660; Delhi, Shoppers Stop, 011-2544 4101

Calvin Klein Jeans Mumbai 022-2648 4794: Delhi 011-4059 7502: Bengaluru. 080-4098 6227 Canali Mumbai, Palladium, 022-4009 8685: Delhi, DLF Emporio. 011-4604 0731: Bengaluru UB City 080-4173 8997

Carl F. Bucherer Ethos: Mumbai, 022-6615 0351; Delhi. 011-4058 8700: Bengaluru. 080-4113 0611

Carolina Herrera

(carolinaherrera.com) Cartier Mumbai, Rose, 022-2362 0275: Delhi, Johnson Watch Co, 011-4151 3121; Bengaluru, 080-4124 8471

Casio Mumbai, Shoppers Stop, 022-2643 4636: Delhi 0120-427 1417: Bengaluru 080-2532 1628

Chanel Delhi, 011-4111 6840 Chopard Mumbai, 022-2288 4757: Delhi 011-4666 2833: Bengaluru, 080-4098 2100

Christian Louboutin Mumbai, 022-4347 1787; Delhi,

011-4101 7111 Charlie by Matthew Zink (charliebymz.com)

Citizen Mumbai, 022-6633 1494: Delhi. 011-4163 1241: Bengaluru, Unity Times, 080-2227 6199

Clarks Mumbai, Phoenix 022-6749 5061; Delhi, DLF Promenade, 011-4650 8023; Bengaluru, Phoenix Market City, Corum Mumbai. Time Avenue 022-2651 5757: Delhi Johnson Watch Co. 011-4151 3121: Bengaluru, Unity Times,

Diesel Mumbai, 022-2661 8282; Delhi, DLF Emporio,

Diesel watches Mumbai. 022-4004 6050; Delhi, 011-4087 0072; Bengaluru, 080-4173 8001 Dior Mumbai 022-6749 9091

Dior Homme Delhi, DLF Emporio, 011-4600 5900 Dolce & Gabbana (dolcegabbana.com)

Mumbai, Palladium, 022-4347

Fossil Mumbai, 022-4005

Franck Muller Mumbai Rose 022-2362 0275

Frédérique Constant

080-4091 3800

French Connection Mumbai, 022-2648 2731: Delhi.

Giorgio Armani Delhi, DLF Emporio, 011-4606 0948

080-6726 6052

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011-4052 3915; Bengaluru, UB City 080-4173 8004

Delhi 011-4600 5900

Emporio Armani

3211: Delhi, DLF Emporio, 011-4604 0783; Bengaluru, UB City, 080-4146 9333 Etro (etro com)

0207; Delhi, 011-4166 4016

Delhi, Kapoor Watch Co, 011-2469 3712

Mumbai, Watches of Switzerland, 022-2640 2511: Bengaluru, Zimson Times,

011-4059 7575

Marks & Spencer Mumbai. 022-6666 9807: Delhi.

WHERE TO B

THE MERCHANDISE FEATURED EDITORIALLY HAS BEEN ORDERED FROM THE FOLLOWING STORES. SOME SHOPS MAY CARRY A SELECTION ONLY. PRICES AND AVAILABILITY WERE CHECKED AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS. BUT WE CANNOT GUARANTEE THAT PRICES WILL NOT CHANGE, OR THAT SPECIFIC ITEMS WILL BE IN STOCK WHEN THE MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED. WE SUGGEST THAT, BEFORE VISITING A STORE, YOU CALL TO MAKE SURE THEY HAVE YOUR SIZE

Girard-Perregaux Mumbai, The Prime, 022-6743 9852; Delhi Johnson Watch Co. 011-4151 3121 Graham Mumbai, Rose, 022-2362 0275; Delhi, Kapoor Watch Co. 011-4653 6667 **Gucci** Mumbai. 022-3027 7060: Delhi, 011-4358 3939 **Guess** Mumbai, 022-6660 7294: Delhi. 011-4087 0018 Guess watches Mumbai Watches of Switzerland

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022-2640 2512: Delhi. Helios.

Shoppers Stop, 080-4048 5500

85275 07228; Bengaluru,

(hardyamies.com Harry Winston Delhi 011-4660 9090

H.E by Mango Para Opticalia (opticalia.com) Heel & Buckle Mumbai, 022-4022 3354: Delhi

Ambience 011-4087 0599 Hermès Mumbai, 022-2271 7400; Delhi, 011-4360 7780 Hublot Mumbai, Rose, 022-2362 0275: Delhi 011-2469 3712: Bengaluru. 080-4098 2100

Hugo Boss Mumbai, 022-2665 5560; Delhi, DLF Emporio 011-4604 0773 Bengaluru 080-2520 7200

IWC Mumbai, DiA, 022-2204 2299: Delhi Johnson Watch Co. 011-4151 3121

Jaeger-LeCoultre Mumbai, Rose 022-2362 0275: Delhi. Johnson Watch Co, 011-4151 3121; Bengaluru, Zimson Swiss Watch, 080-4098 2100 Jane Carr (jane-carr com) Jaquet Droz Delhi. Johnson Watch Co, 011-4151 3121; Bengaluru, Ethos, 080-4113 0611 Iil Sander (iilsander.com) John Varvatos

See The Collective Just Cavalli (justcavalli.com)

Land Rover Mumbai. 022-6747 8090; Delhi, 011-4692 2222; Bengaluru, 080-4309 9999 Lanvin (lanvin com) Longines Mumbai, Watches of Switzerland, 022-2640 080-4124 8471 2511; Delhi, 011-4359 2848; Richard Mille

Rengaluru Ethos 080-4113 0611 Louis Leeman (louisleemanparis.com) Louis Vuitton Mumbai, 022-6664 4134; Delhi, DLF Emporio, 011-4669 0000; Bengaluru, UB City, 080-4246 0000 011-4653 6667

011-4923 8110 **Melissa Odabash**

(odahash com) Mercedes-Benz Mumbai, 022-6612 3800; Delhi, 011-6653 8781: Bengaluru. 080-6649 5694

Michael Kors Mumbai, 022-4002 8040; Delhi, 011-4056 3704

Moeya London (moeya com) Montblanc Mumbai. 022-2285 2151; Delhi, 011-2302 3035; Bengaluru, UB City. 080-2525 0270

Nautica Mumbai, Palladium, 022-4005 0822 Nautica watches Mumbai 022-6671 0361; Delhi. 011-4087 0083; Bengaluru, 080-6726 6102

Omega Mumbai, 022-6655 0351; Delhi, 011-4151 3255; Bengaluru, 080-4098 2106 Oris Mumbai, Popley La Classique, 022-3060 2000; Delhi Johnson Watch Co. 011-4151 3121

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011-4151 3121 Police (policelifestyle.com) Prada (prada.com) **Puma** Mumbai, 022-6725 3454: Delhi, Select Citywalk, 011-4056 6907: Bengaluru 080-3016 0040

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(richardmille com) Roberto Cavalli Delhi, DLF Emporio, 011-4696 0000 Roger Dubuis Mumbai Time Avenue, 022-2651 5757: Delhi, Kapoor Watch Co.

Rolex Mumbai, 022-6625 3600: Delhi 011-4699 0000: Rengaluru 080-2211 3976 Romaine Jerome Mumbai

Watches of Switzerland, 022-2640 2511

Salvatore Ferragamo

Mumbai, 022-3062 1018; Delhi, DLF Emporio. 011-4660 9084: Bengaluru, 080-3004 1854 **Seiko** Mumbai, Ethos, 022-6615 0351; Delhi, Ethos, 011-4058 8700: Bengaluru 080-4124 8471 SS Homme Mumbai.

022-2651 1738 Swatch Mumbai, 022-2481 3523: Delhi 011-4058 8744: Bengaluru, 080-2206 7921

TAG Heuer Mumbai, 022-3060 2001; Delhi, 98711 98885; Bengaluru, 080-4098 2109

The Collective

Mumbai, 022-4343 8888; Delhi 011-4087 8888 Bengaluru. 080-6767 8888

Thomas Pink Mumbai, Palladium,

022-4023 6090; Delhi, Ambience, 011-4087 0783 Timex Mumbai 022-6528 5700; Delhi, 011-6566 4747; Bengaluru, 080-2558 5683

Tissot Mumbai, Ethos, 022-6615 0351: Delhi, Ganga Ram Gallery, 011-2241 2241; Bengaluru, Just In Vogue, 080-6693 0104

Titan Mumbai Ethos 022-2646 1620: Delhi, 011-4145 2313: Bengaluru, 080-4151 3167 Tod's Mumbai, Palladium, 022 3027 7098; Delhi, DLF Emporio,

011-4666 2700: Bengaluru. UB City 080-4280 0000 Tommy Hilfiger Mumbai, Palladium, 022-3072 8807; Delhi, DLF Promenade, 011-4607 5609: Bangalore

Forum. 080-2206 7669

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Vacheron Constantin

Bengaluru, 080-4124 8471

Mumbai, DiA, 022-2204 2299: Delhi, DLF Emporio. 011-4666 2822

Victorinox Mumbai,

022-2352 0903 Violet Lake (violet-lake.com) Vivienne Westwood

See The Collective Van Heusen Mumbai, Palladium, 022-6615 2898;

Delhi. 011-4164 7925 **Volvo** Mumbai, 022-6669 6969; Delhi, 011-4327 7100; Bengaluru, 080-4545 1414

Yves Saint Laurent (ysl.com)

Zenith Mumbai. Times of Lord. 022-2369 5254: Delhi Johnson Watch Co, 011-4151 3121



Dusit, and Pernia, are

all shapes and curves

Through the **LOOKING GLASS**

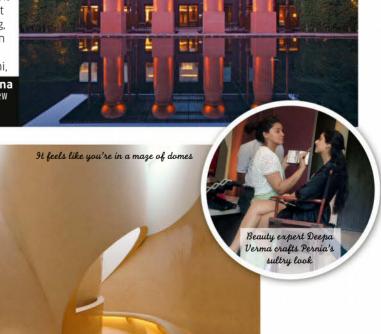
The **Dusit Devarana** delights in visual trickery. The result is a palace of illusions that's as enjoyable as it is surprising

riving along NH-8, just south of New Delhi, you'd never know Dusit Devarana was even there. And once you've taken the sloping drive down into the property, the architecture's visual tricks are enough to make you continue questioning the reality of the place. It would normally be too trite to make allusions to Alice In Wonderland, but once you're through the oversized front door and past what you presume is a subterranean reception area, you're outside, staring over a vast, flat pool of reflective water, wondering what sort of lathe would be required to carve these giant, free-standing balustrades - it's as if the restaurant beyond them was really serving the Mad Hatter's size-warping "Eat Me" cakes. (Once you're inside Chi ni, with its opulent tented ceiling, glass walls and stunning open kitchen, you'll instead find a "modern Chinese" menu modelled after the Michelin-starred Kai in London.) Our Alice today isn't a blonde, however, she's Delhi's Pernia Qureshi, who while rising out of the private pool attached **Dusit Devarana**

to her room only adds to the sense of headscratching disbelief.

The muse in the wild







Monkey business

last-minute adjustments

GO hit up Mumbai's bar of the moment, and the result was pretty graphic

he newest hotspot on the Bandra block, Monkey Bar, doubled up as a cool shoot location with model and actor Anuj Choudhry. The guirky walls, cozy maroon couch and images of monkeys everywhere made Manu Chandra's gastropub a slam dunk for the print-and-pattern theme of GQ's shoot.

Around lunchtime, we took a break to sample the delicious food on offer creamy butter chicken and red bun chicken burgers - after which photographer Prasad Naik explored the bar area for the best shots of the day.

Once done with our shoot, we were eager to kick back and enjoy a drink with the city's hip set who hang out at the bar every night. And the neighbourhood recently got more exciting, with Monkey Bar's Bengaluru ally The Fatty Bao moving in next door.

DISCOVER THE BEST IN LUXURY TIMEPIECES, FRAGRANCES AND FASHION



Luxury in a bottleBentley Fragrances from the iconic Bentley Motors brand introduces Bentley for Men Azure. A stimulating cocktail of refreshing aromas, the top notes are an invigorating burst of fresh citrus, pineapple and violet. While its heart divulges spicy Mediterranean fragrances like pimento, lavender, sage and a hint of tea, the base notes are an assortment of sensual cashmere wood. Tonka bean and orcanox.

Priced ₹4,500 for 100ml. Available at all leading perfume retailers across India



In your zone 1

Tennis champion Novak Djokovic held up his Wimbledon trophy wearing a Seiko Astron GPS Solar Chronograph - a watch that adjusts your time zone by connecting to a GPS network. Furthermore, by drawing energy from sunlight, this exquisite timepiece does not require a battery change. Proud to partner with Novak, who's now in the league of tennis legends like McEnroe, Becker, Sampras and Federer, Seiko wishes him all the very best for 2015.

Price on request. For further information, visit seiko-astron.com/ndlimited/



Traveller's call ↑

Davidoff introduces Destination – an all-new leather bag collection – for discerning travellers. Created by some of Italy's best craftsmen, the devil of this collection lies in its detailing. Crafted from two-tone leather of the finest quality, each bag comes with a sturdy cotton lining, double stripes that channel old-fashioned trunks and polished metal buckles which carry the brand logo, making them functional yet stylish travel companions.

Priced between ₹42,000 and ₹96,000. Available at the Davidoff Boutique in Mumbai and Banglore



Trippy fragrance

Inspired by electronic music and a racy nightlife, Guess Night Access is a new masculine fragrance from the Guess Night range. A fresh woodyfougere composition by perfumers Antoine Lie and Francis Kurkdjian, Guess Night Access opens with spicy saffron, grapefruit and elemi. With cedar and green geranium at its heart, the base reveals an earthy mix of patchouli, black vanilla and Tonka bean.

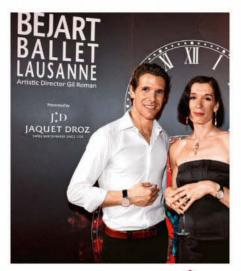
Price on request. Available at leading perfume retailers across India

Get a whiff \rightarrow

Italian Bergamot is one of the fragrances from Ermenegildo Zegna's Essenze Collection. Infused with bergamot extracts, harvested from a field that has been planted for the sole purpose of creating Essenze scents, along with the sensuality of neroli, rosemary, vertiver and woody notes, this fragrance effortlessly channels the vibe of an urban Italian gentleman.

Priced ₹21,000. Available at Ermenegildo Zegna stores and Sephora





Timeless movement

Jaquet Droz is proud to be associated with Béjart Ballet Lausanne's Ninth Symphony - a choreographic transposition of Beethoven's masterpiece with narrated excerpts from the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche and Friedrich von Schiller. Just like Jaquet Droz, the Ninth Symphony is all about the magic of movement, exalted gestures and beauty. For instance, take a look at the Jaquet Droz Lady 8 Flower watch. Its hidden lotus spreads its hand-engraved and hand-enamelled golden petals, much like a Ninth Symphony ballerina, making it a perfect gift for your lady love.

For more information, visit jaquet-droz.com



Time Traveller

OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD - the Autumn/ Winter 2015-16 collection from Swatch - is truly worth exploring. With streetbeat styles, this range finds inspiration in holiday hotspots. Bright and sporty, these timepieces feature lively patterns that reflect different cultures around the world. An ideal wrist accessory with the expertise of Swiss watchmaking, make sure you have one for the upcoming season

Priced between ₹3,000 to ₹11,000. Available at Swatch boutiques across India

Tick toc \rightarrow

Precise and sophisticated, Calvin Klein city, is an iconic timepiece for the contemporary urban man. Featuring the Calvin Klein logo at 12 o'clock, a stainless steel case, a dial in black, grey, brown or green and a colourcoordinated soft-finish leather strap, Calvin Klein city also offers chronograph styles for those who appreciate precision. So stay ahead of the times with a Calvin Klein city strapped to your wrist.

Priced ₹23.300. Available at leading watch retailers across India



← Out of the blue

Channel the sartorial elegance of James Bond with a midnight navy tuxedo from SS HOMME. Setting the code for special occasions, this single-button, shawl lapel tuxedo replaces the customary noir shade with a resplendent hue of blue, while retaining the traditional straight cut with clean lines. Crafted from woolmohair, the midnight navy tuxedo from SS HOMME is finished with a velvet bow tie, a winged-tip collared shirt and classic tuxedo buttons.

Price on request. Available at SS HOMME in Bandra, Mumbai. For more information, visit sshomme.in



Tech it up! ightarrow

The ASUS X notebooks are the perfect all-round laptops for work and play. Powered by Intel or AMD processors, the stylish X Series features technologies like ASUS SonicMaster, ASUS AudioWizard, USB 3.0 ports and a 2-second resume from sleep mode. An ideal choice for everyday computing, these notebooks are available in unique finishes and colours that will complement your discerning sense of style.

Prices on request. Available at Asus stores across India



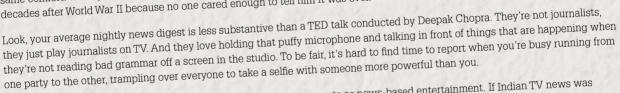


Dear People Who Still Get Their News From TV,

Welcome to Newsnight! On tonight's broadcast, we investigate a peculiar group of anachronists living in the 20th century, convinced that TV still has news. No, we don't have anything reported by any authoritative sources. We have something better: a panel discussion! Joining us in the studio are an out-of-work politician who'll show up anywhere for a gift basket, a notable backroom fixer who moonlights as a social activist, a popular social media bigot we're going to yell at, and a female panelist we're going to ignore.

Breaking News for anyone piqued by the above: you're not just sad and boring, you're an enabler. That's right. You're giving credence to perhaps the most toxic group of people on your telly outside those dead-eyed creeps peddling enlightenment-by-numbers and impossible weight loss solutions.

It's OK though, we get it. You just want someone to read you the news after a long day of bending over for the bossman. You grew up watching a newscaster do that for your sore-assed parents, and you want the same comfort. We're just saying that in doing so, you're like that Japanese soldier manning his station decades after World War II because no one cared enough to tell him it was over.



What these so-called news channels offer is not so much current events as news-based entertainment. If Indian TV news was a liquid it wouldn't be "fruit juice", it would be a "fruit-flavoured beverage".

The main purpose of these broadcasts isn't to provide information but to keep you watching their rote, mind-numbing programmes for as long as it takes for their paymasters to be able to convince you to buy a bunch of fairness creams and cancerous mouth refreshments. Any useful information is regretful and unintended.

You see, these broadcasts are run by the same people who think their ribald New Year's Eve blowout in Tel Aviv that one time makes them an expert on the Middle East.

But if you think that noise they beam into your fancy TV set is just harmless drivel, let the record show that these imposters have managed to convince a whole generation that being perpetually outraged is being well-informed, that tweeting something with a patronizing hashtag makes you a social activist, and that changing your Facebook cover photo is a legitimate revolutionary act.

By continuing to reward these sophomoric hucksters with your time, you're keeping them in business, and baby, don't you know by now those fairness creams don't work? Turn them off. Turn them all off and see how much better you'll feel about the world.

See you at the library,





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Ballantine's.

STAY TRUE

LEAVE AN IMPRESSION

